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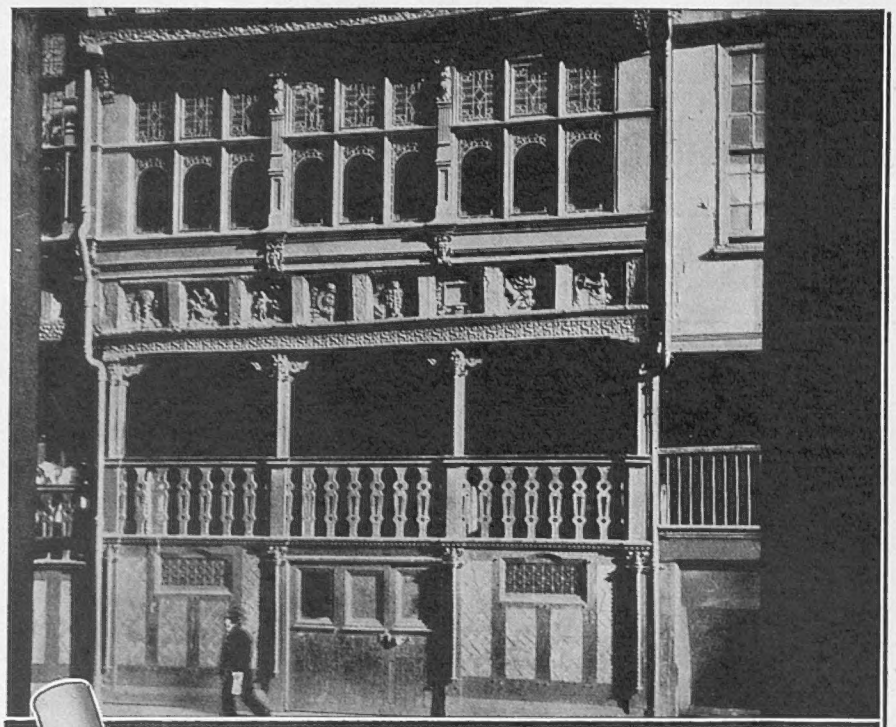

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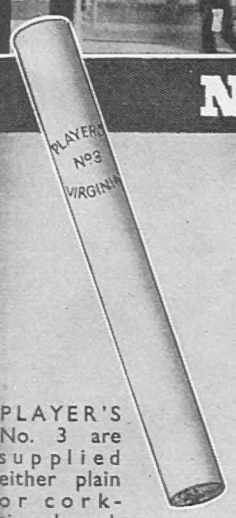

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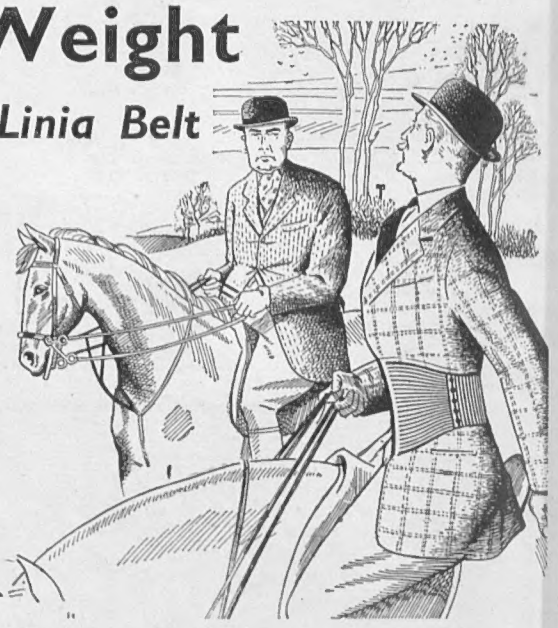

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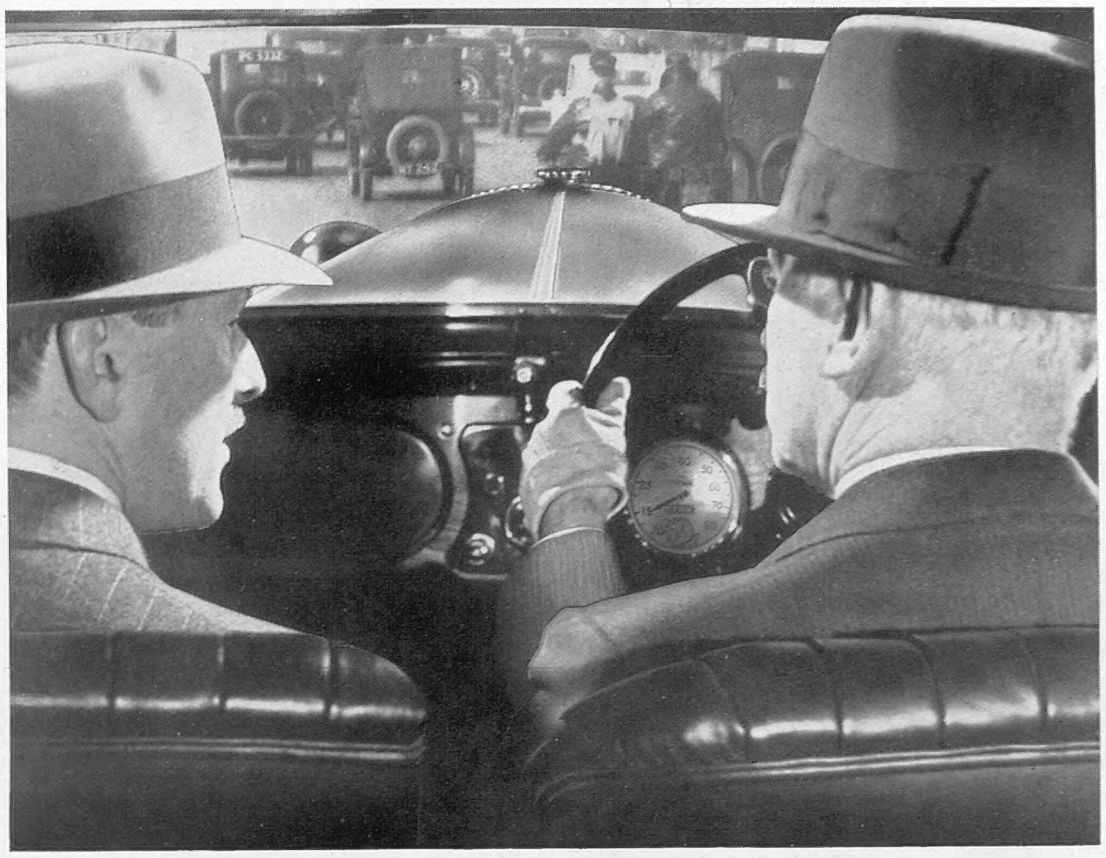

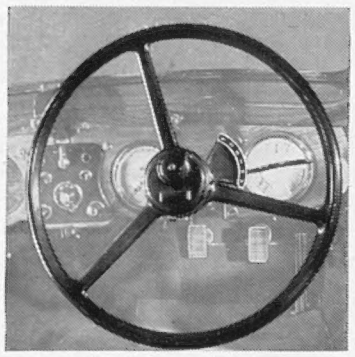

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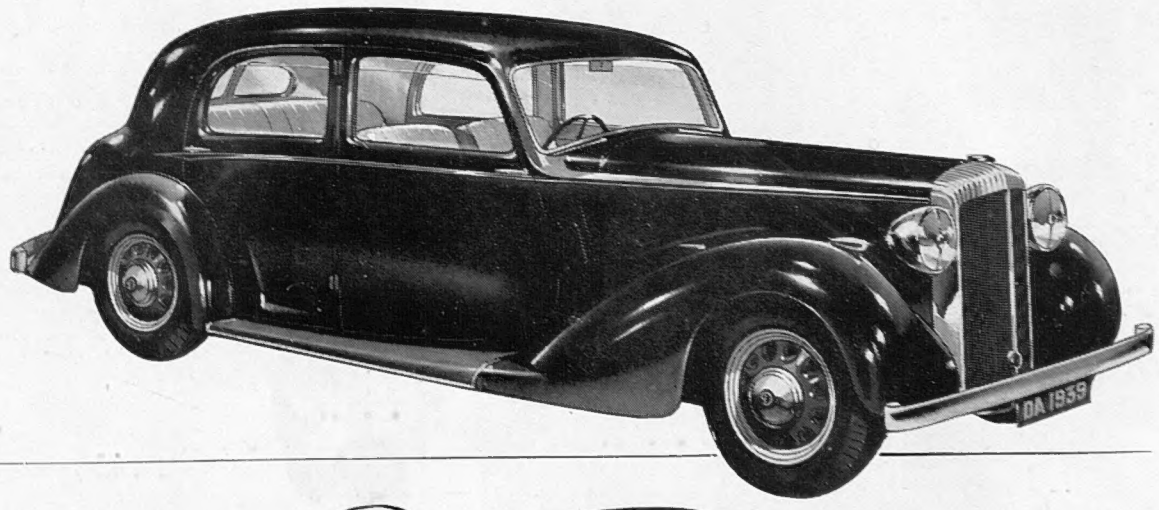

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The Empire's illustrated Weekly
London, March 25, 1939

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!

The Smiling King and Smiling French President Drive in State to the Palace at the Start of the Official Visit

Seldom has the head of a foreign state paid a more opportune visit than M. Lebrun, the French President, whose arrival in London this week comes at a time when all the world is being made aware of our solidarity with France. It was little wonder then that when M. Lebrun drove to Buckingham Palace last Tuesday afternoon he was received with an extra warmth of feeling by the crowds which thronged the flag-bedecked streets. Indeed, the King and the President, seated side by side in the coach, seemed by their smiling demeanour to offer just that touch of assurance very needful at a critical moment in history. An elaborate programme was prepared for the distinguished visitor, the highlights being a State banquet on Tuesday at Buckingham Palace, a visit to Guildhall on Wednesday at the invitation of the City Corporation, and a reception on Thursday by both Houses of Parliament. Nothing was left undone in giving a truly Royal welcome to the representative of the great democracy across the Channel

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A GRAVE PRIME MINISTER leaves No. 10 Downing Street for an audience at Buckingham Palace after hurrying back from Birmingham where he had hoped to spend the week-end of his seventieth birthday. He at once called the Cabinet

SHADES OF SEPTEMBER: Mrs. Chamberlain, who looked no less serious than the Prime Minister, pictured on her return to London last Saturday evening after having to cut short the celebrations in honour of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday

BACK TO REPORT: Dr. von Dirksen (*left*), the German Ambassador to London, seen at Victoria Station as he was about to leave for Berlin whither he was recalled after Britain's refusal to recognise Germany's conquest of Czechoslovakia. *Right*—Members of the German Embassy staff giving Dr. Dirksen the Nazi salute as he left for the station

"I AM GOING TO TRY AND CONVINCE OTHER NATIONS THAT DESPITE THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW YEARS THERE IS STILL PLENTY OF KICK LEFT IN THE OLD HORSE" declared the Secretary for Overseas Trade, Mr. R. S. Hudson (right), as he took his departure from London last Saturday on his mission to Warsaw, Moscow, and Stockholm. With the development of the crisis Mr. Hudson's mission assumed increased importance and it was rumoured that he might invite the Soviet Foreign Secretary to London. On the left is Mrs. Hudson and in the centre are the Polish and Finnish Ministers

WHAT NEXT! The ever-changing map of Europe arouses the interest of Londoners. *On left*—Sir Nevile Henderson, temporarily recalled British Ambassador to Berlin, leaving the Foreign Office after an interview with Foreign Secretary Halifax

CRITICAL DAYS, BUT. . . .

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, March 22, 1939.

THE FRENCH STATE VISIT.

—Just as Mr. Hudson's economic mission in the light of recent events took on a more urgent political character, so the goodwill visit of President and Madame Lebrun to London assumed a deeper significance and assuredly was the occasion of more far-reaching and anxious conversations between the President and his advisers and their British hosts and counterparts than were originally intended. The Entente has a respectably long history. It came into being in 1904—thirty-five years ago—as a gesture of politeness rather than as an alliance of high political significance. A year or two before, Englishmen had been often hooted in the streets of Paris. Ten years later it proved its strength and potency, and gave its name to the whole bloc which came together to resist German aggression. It may do so once more. The eve of 1914 was not more fraught with danger and anxiety than to-day. The Entente has changed its temperature once or twice since 1904, but no one on either side of the Channel has ever seriously conceived the possibility of its extinction. There have been many critics of Britain's political adhesion to dominating French policy during and since the Versailles treaty, and recent events have justified much of that obstinate suspicion. There have been many in Britain of late who have criticised France as an unequal partner in the urgent duty of preparing the democracies for resistance to world domination by the totalitarian states. But France's difficulties are better understood to-day and her recent efforts to make up for lost time have come to be appreciated. All sane men in both countries know well that France and Britain must fall divided and will survive united. To-day France and Britain are more united than ever before. The very racial characteristics which so sharply divided the two nations and have so often created misunderstandings, show signs of blending. The two nations are in all ways better prepared for self-defence than they were in July, 1914. For each knows (and the world knows) what the other is prepared to do in the emergency that may arise. There is no doubt about Britain's attitude if France is attacked, no doubt as to the part she will play even on the soil of Europe. And in this crisis of our common fate, France and Britain are to-day in an unusually strong and happy position in the character of their leaders. Each has a first minister of great experience and invested with the power and authority which public expression of confidence alone can give. And in the King and Queen and the President and Madame Lebrun, each country is blessed with leadership and an example of a rare kind. The King and Queen and M. and Madame Lebrun, so different superficially, are so alike in essentials. They stand, a symbol and an exemplar for their two countries of the great Christian virtues, of the great patriotic qualities. They stand for devotion to duty, for dignity, for service, for sacrifice, for simplicity, for sympathy, for courage, for faith, for Britain and for France. And, in this dark hour, the bright pageantry and warm welcome accorded to them proved very clearly how Britain regards the symbolism of this returned visit.

HITLER'S GREAT BED OF WARE.

—Has anyone attempted to estimate the number of words poured out by voice and pen in the world concerning Hitler and his actions in the past decade? It would keep a crazed accountant very busy in Bedlam. And he retains his place as facile princeps front-page news . . . well, needs must when the quill drives! Necessity makes strange bed-fellows; political megalomania yet stranger. The latest bed-fellow absorbed in the German Reich is not likely for ever to induce sweet sleep in the Great Bed. For the present, when Father says "turn," they will all turn. But one day there will be a cuckoo in the nest. The other great megalomaniac found out that his Bed of Ware could be too carelessly filled—Napoleon; and he found himself on the floor in his nightshirt. Your *Austrian* may be your Reich brother, even when thought is free. Your Czech can never be and he is a bad bed-fellow when he nurses a bitter grievance and centuries of antipathy. More than ever, one may feel that Munich was a decisive event in history. If its spirit never existed, or is utterly dead, it gave to the democracies six months which, within democratic possibilities, have not been wasted. To-day Britain and France with any other nation that gives moral or fullest support to international decency and order and to freedom, can in the long run smash the aggressor who tries bullying the bigger boys. Six months ago, it was another story. Mr. Chamberlain is a great enough man to disregard the yapping of his critics, and to pursue the course he believes may save the world from Bedlam. Nor has this latest banditry changed another established view—that the German people is one thing, its Government another, and that there is as much reason to-day as yesterday for us to pursue understanding and friendly relations with the German people, by whatever means and through whatever channels may offer. Nations remain; governments, dynasties and systems change.

INSIDE GERMANY.

—I am still convinced that since Munich, in the will and opinion of the German race *and* their leaders, the idea of war with the democracies within ten years continued to recede. The German war leaders must have exact mathematical calculations as to the power ratio of their arms vis à vis France and Britain in any ordeal by battle that might arrive by whatever means, and so long as America is clearly ranged in principle on the side of the European democracies, and not engaged elsewhere in her own defence, that ratio cannot be achieved in a decade. Germany, after all (except in the air arm), is still *rebuilding* her fighting forces. The German *people* has a conscience and is not devoid of memories. The Nazi movement is no longer a youth movement but a movement in large part controlled by ex-service men who have memories. They remember the last war, remember their bitter mistake about French and British decadence: they remember they were licked by people they despised. They have not forgotten the old traditions of dignified, if not invariably straight, diplomacy, and they have a *conscience* which at heart disapproves of Hitler's methods, while it remains constant in loyalty and gratitude to Hitler for his achievements. He brought them out of the pit. For most of Hitler's lieutenants they feel neither gratitude, respect nor loyalty. As for the pogrom, the people of Germany regarded it with strong distaste; it proved a policy which gave Hitler's government the greatest jolt it has yet taken. The German people may not much longer endure the Leader's policy of keeping them "on their toes" with the crude slogans of encirclement and Jew bogies. They at least are ripe to respond to the first gesture and the least concession which would raise the hope of a period of more settled political conditions and might ultimately lead to a world conference on economic resources and a measure of disarmament. Until that word is said on one side or another, nothing can prevent Germany and the democracies from continuing the Bedlamite race of armaments. Hitler's latest coup has once more postponed the dawn of political and economic salvation but it has not upset the majority view that Mr. Chamberlain's policy is right and his achievements signal. It has merely proved, what his

critics have always declared needs no proof, that Hitler's word cannot be trusted. But who knows if our Premier trusted it? He came back in a hurry from Munich—*to arm against Hitler*. Hitler is one thing: the German people another. The man dies: the nation remains.

MR. DUFF COOPER AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—Mr. Duff Cooper has once more made his mark in the School Debating Society. It is a queer aspiration for the author of *Talleyrand*—to go down to history as the most forcible declaimer of the obvious. But queerer still is the perfect accord between Mr. Cooper and the whole race of Germans. He and they are united and unshakable in the belief that what Mr. Cooper says on this or that is received in this country and throughout Europe as of great importance. And now that the last doubts as to the designs of Herr Hitler appear to have been dispersed and it is for democracy a question of life and death, some of the obvious failures and dangers of the democratic theory are sharply brought home to us. Many of us who most cherish the ideal, realise how disadvantageously it may work out in practice in times of great danger. In times of peace and security there is no more perfect system of government. On the crater edge of war it is not so. Freedom of speech needs to be controlled not by government ukase but by the unanimous agreement of a free people pledged to co-operation in its own defence. Insults hurled at those who trouble Europe, however well justified, serve no useful purpose and lower what remains of the dignity of international relations. But those heady exchanges, usual with prize fighters before a battle, are a small thing compared with the ventilation in and out of Parliament of every detail disclosed of the Governments diplomatic and defence measures. No one likes secret diplomacy in theory but we recognise to-day that the new situation demanded from the Government and urgently, a re-orientation in the European diplomatic field. It was obvious that we must discover what forces in civilisation are prepared to combine — sinking for the moment political and economic aspirations and differences—to resist the menace of European domination by Hitler. Such negotiations must be left to the government in power, and to criticise and broadcast every rumoured stage in them is nothing short of treachery in this hour of danger. If ever there was a time for British politicians to drop party tactics, to seek no party advantages, but to rally behind the Premier in power, it is now. And assuredly to-day the most dangerous blessing of democracy is unrestrained freedom of speech. Let us in God's name talk less, from Minister down to junior M.P. and leader writer. Let us make an end of meeting Hitler's aggression with *démarches*, moral saws, and grave warnings, and let us plan the defence of liberty in silence, with the ultimate sanction of action, not of hot-air.

THE NEW CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—If there exists to-day a Charlotte Corday dreaming how to save civilisation from its miseries and enforced madness, I hope she will never turn her thoughts to crude methods of murder. For such methods have never paid and never can pay. Nor can any circumstances ever justify them. Yet, if science were a Charlotte Corday and desired to save civilisation, it is just within the realms of possibility she might devise a means to bring about instant disarmament and to enforce a return to sanity and the building up of a new order in the world. She has only to devise a special match or depth charge to be applied to the world's chief oil wells . . . To-day if there were no petrol there could be no new-style armies or air-fleets; disarmament root and branch would be nearly accomplished. And if there were no petrol, would the world, returned to peace, be so infinitely harmed? Would life be bearable without petrol? It is certainly not very bearable *with* it. It is a significant fancy at least. And I am not at all sure that fantasy is not a safer weapon than prophecy these days for even a well-informed journalist (which I am not), yes, and for a highly-placed Minister. For about the only comic relief we enjoy these days is the spectacle of publicists and politicians seeking to justify or re-interpret their pie-crust prophecies and clear pronouncements of yesterday.

By
The Old Stager

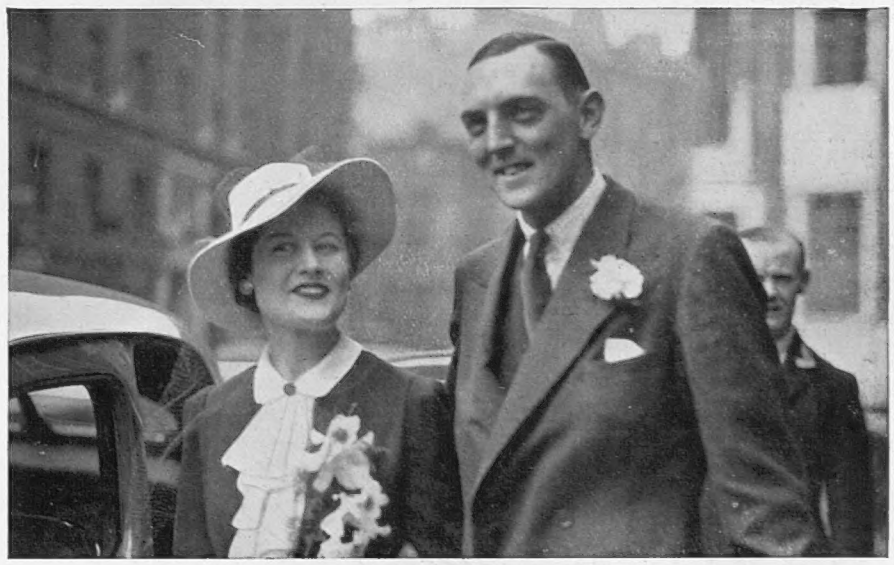
TEN DAYS' TEST.—I thought another ten days' Test match (or thereabouts) was the final end of Test cricket as she has been played. But the last day of that final South African Test nearly swung the pendulum round. South Africa was hoist on her own petard and in a spate of all-time records and thrills England piled up that unparalleled fourth innings score and produced (despite the absurdities) a wonderful finish to a game which at least was a test of endurance. It was also the ram-caught-in-a-thicket for Edrich whose career in world cricket stood or fell by the result of his very last chance. But I think this timeless trial of strength has at last put an end to one of the great enemies of the spirit of cricket.

OLD LONDON.—Quite enchanting is Frank Sabin's exhibition of Old London Scenes; charming considered as art and as a reminder of the country town which this wen once was. What could be more delightful than that reminder of old Chelsea, with a bunch of cows holding up the traffic at Battersea Bridge (S. Hutchinson, No. 62)? Or Fife House, in the old Privy Gardens at Whitehall, viewed from the river in 1801, as remote and sylvan as a Thames-side house at Goring to-day? The Shepherds, in a series, document how much the city has lost of its former old-world features which vigorously survived in inns and lanes until 1850. While a delightful pen and sepia wash of Belgrave Square (No. 122) shows that there has been little change in the appearance of that West End fashionable quarter since Cubitt produced it in 1828 out of the swampy, highwayman-haunted Five Fields. I greatly enjoyed my journey back into the London of our great-grandfathers.

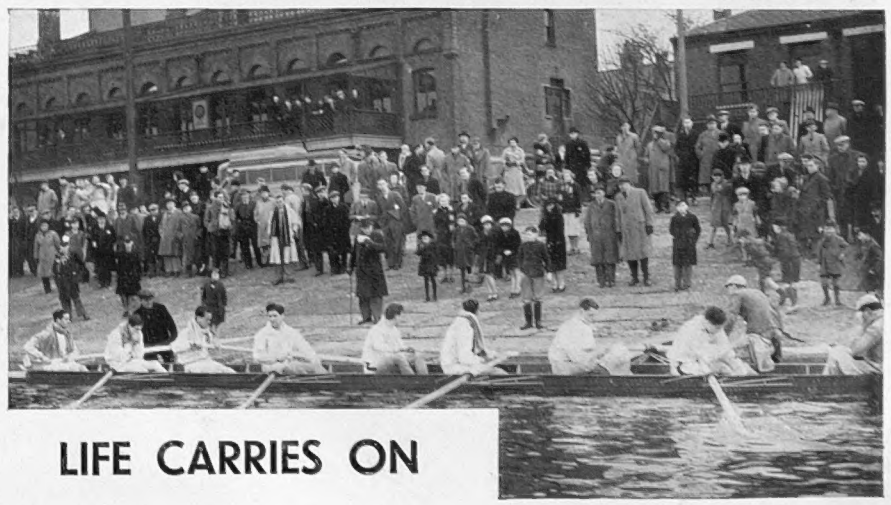
THE PEMBROKE TANK RANGE.—Last-minute efforts, among them the powerful influence of the Preservation Societies of Wales, have induced the War Office to think again concerning the Stackpole site for their tank range. After the Prime Minister himself had declared that the War Office's case for appropriating and destroying 6,000 acres of the best farming land in Wales (and a notable beauty spot already offered in perpetuity for public enjoyment) was utterly *unanswerable*, the War Office announce that after all it doesn't need the whole area. It is satisfied to dispossess seven instead of twelve farms. It can do with 3,500 instead of 6,000 acres of sheer beauty and productiveness. Now, the Government declared that twenty-five alternative sites were examined and rejected, and it is a known fact that the essentials of War Office requirements were not less than 6,000 acres if an area by the sea were selected. Here is an example of the notoriously muddled thinking and haphazard methods by which the War Office proceeds. It has completely let down the Premier by this eleventh-hour concession. It instantly suggests that there are good grounds for examining again some of the twenty-five cheaper and more derelict sites so hastily rejected. Everybody admits that in these dangerous times the War Office and other fighting Ministries must have what they need for efficiency, and that public and private sacrifices must be cheerfully made. But wanton waste of money and wanton destruction of what remains of natural beauty are not even now justified by panic measures of defence. We are arming for the defence of our heritage. That does not justify recklessly destroying all that makes our heritage worth fighting for.

ROYALTY AT THE RACES: The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, pictured together in the paddock during their visit to Sandown for the Grand Military Gold Cup, one of the big prizes of amateur steeplechasing

MEET ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD JOYCE STOKE, a member of a London County Council junior art class, whose work is included in the exhibition being held to mark the Council's jubilee. *On left*—Miss Patience Culme-Seymour wore a gown with a shamrock design for her St. Patrick's Day wedding to Mr. D. Freemantle at Brompton Oratory



A NOTED AIRMAN WEDS: Mr. Ken Waller with his bride, Miss Marjorie Playfair, daughter of the late Major J. R. Playfair, after their marriage at Caxton Hall Register Office. Mr. Waller, it will be remembered, flew with Mr. Cathcart-Jones in the Melbourne air race, afterwards returning to England in record time. He has also carried out other record-breaking flights. Now, at thirty, Mr. Waller is chief instructor at Brooklands—the youngest in England to hold such a responsible post



LIFE CARRIES ON

CAMBRIDGE ON THE TIDEWAY: The Light Blue crew keenly watched when about to set out from Putney on a full course trial during the last stages of their training for the Boat Race

THE QUEEN GREETS THE FIRST LADY OF FRANCE: Her Majesty welcoming Madame Lebrun on arrival at Victoria Station last Tuesday at the start of the State visit to England which has taken place at such an opportune moment. The President can only just be seen as he is standing directly behind the Queen. In the foreground are the Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester

ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY: Madame Lebrun waves a greeting to the crowds and the President doffs his hat in acknowledgment of the tremendous ovation from the people gathered below, while the King and Queen and the Princesses stand smilingly by. The cheering eventually became a sustained roar and a *Times* correspondent reported: "So pleased was the President with the unmistakable evidence of the goodwill and affection of the British people that finally he was waving both hands"

WHEN THE CROWD BROKE THROUGH THE CORDONS: A few moments after the procession had disappeared into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace the vast throng, that had gathered along the Mall and had been held in check by the police, surged forward to the very gates of the Palace, the cheering being constantly punctuated with cries of "We want the President." "We want the King." Soon the wish of the great crowd was responded to, although the familiar balcony

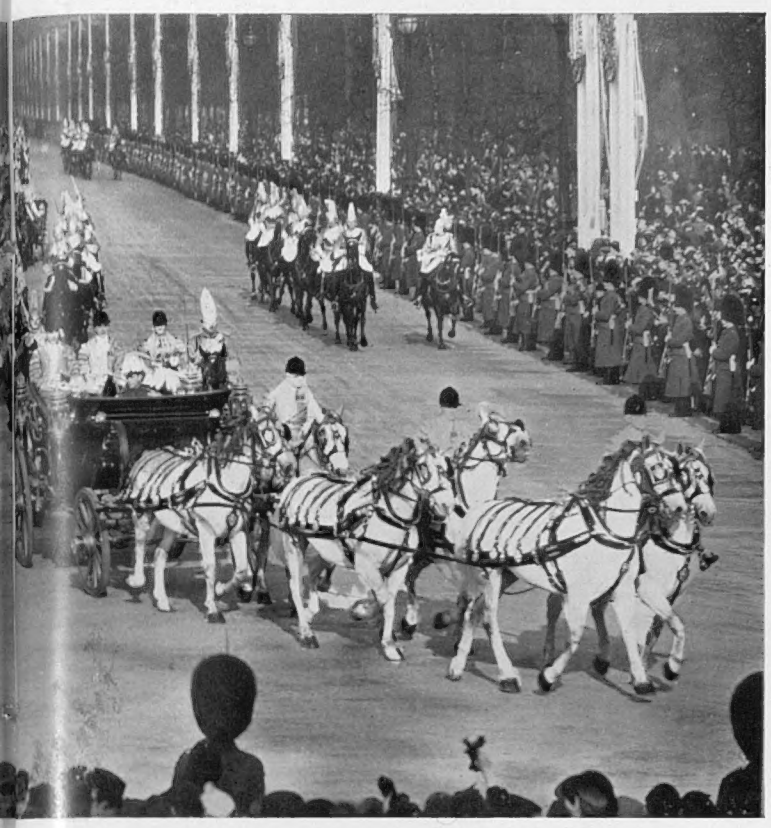
LONDON'S BIG

Vast Crowds the Head of the

THE GLITTERING CAVALCADE GOES by six of the famous Windsor approached Buckingham Palace the route along Wilton Way, cheering. Those people who

WELCOME TO PRESIDENT LEBRUN

Assemble Outside Buckingham Palace to Greet French State—The Triumphal Drive From Victoria



UP THE MALL: The King and President Lebrun, seated in an open coach drawn by greys and accompanied by a sovereign's escort of Life Guards, seen as they at the end of the triumphal drive from Victoria Station. Enormous crowds lined Victoria Street, Parliament Square, Whitehall and the Mall and there was continuous security. Those who secured the best positions had to wait almost two hours for the procession to pass

had not been prepared with gold-fringed hangings for such an outburst. Later in the day there were more cheers as Londoners gathered to watch the arrival at the Palace of guests for the State banquet

THE QUEEN AND MADAME LEBRUN DRIVE SIDE BY SIDE from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace. It was particularly noted how cordial were the relations between the Queen and Madame Lebrun. They first met in Paris last year. Her Majesty speaks fluent French

THE VISIT TO THE INSTITUT FRANCAIS: *Left*—Madame Lebrun being greeted on arrival at the French school and cultural centre in South Kensington where the new building was formally declared open by the Princess Royal who is seen standing beside her. *Right*—M. Lebrun delivering his short address in which he paid tribute to the work of the Institut

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT leaving their Belgrave Square home for the State banquet at Buckingham Palace, and (*on right*) Mr. Chamberlain leaving No. 10 Downing Street

THE MEASURE OF A PEOPLE'S HATE: This picture is one of quite a number reflecting the attitude of the citizens of Prague towards the German soldiery when they entered the city last week. A woman is seen in the centre shouting imprecations at the troops, while the expressions on the faces of the men clearly evidence their antipathy towards the suddenly imposed regime. As the day of occupation wore on, the people began to voice their resentment more openly, greeting the Germans with boos and catcalls, and in the end the military governor had to impose a curfew order. On Sunday, when a big parade took place, there was a large-scale boycott of the event; most of the citizens going instead to the tomb of the unknown warrior and the shrine of the Czech heroes, where President Masaryk lies buried

HITLER OVER PRAGUE:

The German Führer Sits in the Palace Legislating for an Unhappy, Conquered People

T...ERS OF PRAGUE: G...man troops marching ... the grounds of Hradcan C...tle and (*at top*) the c...tle viewed from the river

HITLER RECEIVES THE PLAUDITS OF THE UNFAITHFUL FEW: Nazi adherents acclaiming the German Chancellor as he appeared at a window of the Hradcan Castle—famed palace of the Bohemian kings and the Czechoslovak presidents—following the occupation of the city by the German troops on March 16, the day that really marked the end of the little Republic

THE CONQUEROR SITS IN HRADCAN CASTLE and talks over the plans for the new Czechoslovakia with President Hacha, the man whom he summoned to Berlin to sign away, under threats of bombardment, the independence of his country and whom he has left as nominal head of the protectorate. The real leader, however, is Baron von Neurath, the former German Foreign Secretary. *On left*—German soldiery involved in a traffic jam during the entry into Prague

THE DISMEMBERED LAND: A sketch map showing the post-Munich boundaries of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and the Carpatho-Ukraine (Ruthenia). The two first named are now full protectorates of the Reich. Slovakia has a certain measure of independence, while the Carpatho-Ukraine is in the hands of Hungary following the swift northward push which resulted in the creation of a common Polish-Hungarian border

AFTERMATH IN MIDDLE EUROPE

A Diary of the Crisis Continued

THE tangled skein of Middle European politics has never been more difficult to unravel than to-day, so rapidly have events marched since Germany made her big coup last week, and it is well at this juncture to look back and recall to mind exactly what has passed since the fall of Prague.

MARCH 15.—At 7.15 p.m. Herr Hitler entered Prague, taking up residence in the old castle of the Bohemian kings. He had travelled through the annexed Czech provinces of Moravia and Bohemia in a heavily guarded train equipped with machine guns. . . . General Blaskowitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation, imposed an 8 p.m. curfew in Prague. . . . The Hungarians met with stiff resistance in their march through the Carpatho-Ukraine (Ruthenia) to establish a common frontier with Poland.

TO THE MEMORY OF A NATION: Parisians standing round a catafalque (representing deceased Czechoslovakia) set up in the Czech tourist bureau in the Faubourg St. Honoré

MARCH 16.—In a proclamation by Herr Hitler it was announced that Bohemia and Moravia had been formally made German protectorates . . . Prague entered upon its second day of occupation in a mood of resignation . . . German troops continued to pour into the annexed territory, the total number reaching 200,000 . . . The Gestapo — Germany's dreaded secret police — swooped down on Prague armed with a long list of political malefactors prepared in Berlin. . . . Officials of the Reichsbank took charge of the Czechoslovak National Bank's gold holding of £18,000,000.

It was heard with surprise that Slovakia had been brought under the protection of Germany instead of being granted the full measure of independence that was expected. It later transpired, however, that Slovakia would be allowed more freedom than Bohemia and Moravia.

MARCH 17.—Mr. Chamberlain made his outspoken pronouncement in Birmingham. The Gestapo continued their round up of political opponents. . . . A concentration camp was established at Milovice, sixteen miles from Prague. . . . It was rumoured that 250 Czech officers had committed suicide. . . . The Hungarians continued their invasion of the Carpatho-Ukraine, and after a fierce battle against the Sitch (Ukrainian irregulars), took the capital, Chust; 200 Ukrainians were killed. . . . It was reported from government sources in Bucharest that the head of the German economic mission in Rumania had presented, in the name of his Government, the following proposals:—

(1) That Rumania should by degrees cease all her efforts to build up a national industry, closing down gradually all her existing factories, and limiting herself to be an agricultural country; (2) That her entire exports of grain, oil, lumber, cattle, and foodstuffs—in fact, all her exports—should go exclusively and only to Germany.

The request was rejected completely by the Rumanian Government.

HITLER GREETS SIROVY, the former Czech Defence Minister, in the castle at Prague. The picture provided the first evidence that Sirovy had not fled to London as reported

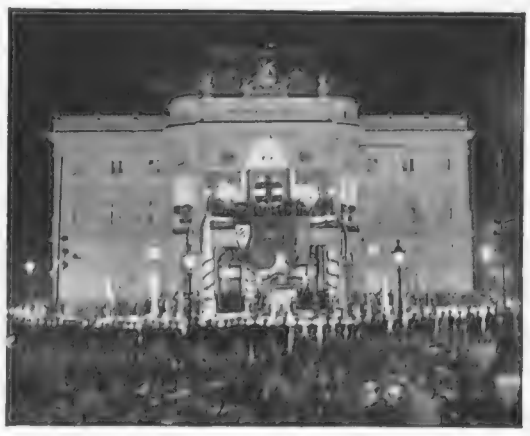
MARCH 18.—German troops continued to march eastward through the defunct state. . . . There were reports of growing tension in Memel.

MARCH 19.—The eastward marching German troops were halted in Western Slovakia . . . Rumania moved 100,000 troops to her Ruthenian and Hungarian frontiers. . . . In Prague, as in other German garrison towns, "Army Day" was celebrated by a parade at which there appeared at a casual glance to be more troops than spectators.

MARCH 20.—Arrests continued throughout the protectorate, their number being estimated at 18,000. A very large proportion of those arrested were Communists.

MARCH 21.—Germany delivered an ultimatum to Lithuania demanding the cession of Memel within 48 hrs. and stating that the German army would march in if disorders arose. The Lithuanian Government agreed to the demands in principle.

AN HISTORIC MOMENT: General Spiechowski (right), of Poland, greeting an Hungarian officer when he arrived in a snowstorm at the Polish frontier after marching through Carpatho-Ukraine. This establishment of a common border between Poland and Hungary has been a long cherished ambition



SLOVAKIA INAUGURATES THE NEW REGIME: This was the scene before the Stadttheater in Bratislava as the official announcement was made that Germany had taken Slovakia under the wing of the Reich. The state, unlike Bohemia and Moravia, has a certain measure of independence

AN ARMY IN FRANCE—

Or the Traditional Expeditionary Force?

A Big Question of Future Strategy

WILL future strategy require the raising of a large army for use in a war of mass on the Continent? is a question with which the General Staff finds itself confronted. Until a few months ago there seemed no doubt that the answer was in the negative. In the twenty years which followed demobilisation, the idea of ever repeating the effort appeared to be definitely ruled out.

In the popular mind the weakness of our potential enemies compared with the strength of our potential allies seemed to preclude the necessity of going to the help of the latter. On the other hand, the invention of new arms, and especially the development of the aeroplane, encouraged people to believe that the next war would be something very different from the last. There was a widespread belief that it would be decided less by land than in the air and on the sea.

This belief was nourished by post-war revelations of military errors and by writings of experts such as Captain Liddell Hart, the famous military correspondent of *The Times*, who attacked the doctrine of unlimited intervention.

According to this school it had been a fatal mistake to put millions of men in France. Instead of exhausting herself trying to break the deadlock on the western front, England should have exploited her sea power and financial strength and reserved her army for a surprise attack on some unexpected point where a relatively small force could be effective.

That was the traditional strategy of England, these writers urged, which had always been successful in the past, and it should be the one adopted in any future conflict. The fact that our ally, France, seemed well able to defend her own frontiers lent additional weight to the argument.

As far as anything could be known of their military conceptions, the British Government seemed to hold the same view.

If there was any doubt on the question the very fact, not only that conscription was rejected, but also that no preparations were made for training another citizens' army, seemed to preclude the dispatch of a large force abroad. It may safely be said indeed that until a short time ago no such force was contemplated.

Quite lately, however, there appears to have been a reversal of policy. The first official inkling of it was given by the War Office on October 10, when it announced the formation of a Territorial field army of thirteen divisions. Such a force, which will include nine infantry divisions, three motorised divisions, and one mechanised mobile division, is clearly intended for use on the Continent. Its creation suggests that the authorities now contemplate a military effort on a big scale in co-operation with France.

This idea had been canvassed for some time before its adoption. The French in particular had been insistent on the need for immediate British help if war broke out. Their demands became pressing after the Czechoslovak crisis, and it is no secret that they formed the most important part of the conversations which Mr. Chamberlain had with M. Daladier when he visited Paris last November.

Even those experts who previously opposed the sending of another Expeditionary Force to France now recognise the presence of new strategic factors which may necessitate a change of policy.

In an article in *The Times* recently Captain Liddell Hart, while maintaining the principle that our chief efforts should still be in the air and on sea, admitted that the French strength might no longer be sufficient to meet a land attack alone.

Most of the military experts, both English and French, are confident of the ability of France to hold the Maginot Line. The superiority of the defence over the offence in modern war would make it very difficult for Germany to break through even with greatly superior numbers.

There remains the question whether France could defend this immensely extended line if she were also being attacked from the south and south-east and at the same time had to defend her colonial Empire.

Except with her fleet, England can bring little or no assistance to the latter. In time of war it would be difficult enough to reinforce our own garrison in Egypt (it could in fact only be done from India), let alone send any help to the French in Tunisia. On the other hand it is the presence of the French troops in Tunisia which form the strongest deterrent to an Italian attack on Egypt, since such an attack would leave Libya open.

It might, therefore, be urged that in sending an Expeditionary Force to France England would only be repaying the services rendered by France to the British Empire.

The truth is that the interests of the two democracies are so closely linked that in aiding each other they would be taking the best measures to safeguard their own security. The only question really to decide is how best their forces can be combined for the common cause.

Whether the most efficient use of those forces requires the sending of a large British force to France, or whether such a force could be better employed elsewhere, only the future will show. But it is certain that neither possibility can be excluded.

G. M.

The Motorised German Army Enters Prague

NEITHER CHEERS TO GREET THEM NOR FLOWERS TO BESTREW THE WAY: A lorry full of German troops, with an anti-aircraft gun in tow, passing through the streets of Prague on March 15 when Chancellor Hitler delivered his unexpected coup against the Czechoslovakian Republic which from that moment ceased to exist, becoming a mere protectorate of the Reich. As the German army approached, little groups collected silently in the streets, and when the motorised columns at length drove into the city they were received by some sections with boos, catcalls, and the singing of the Czech national anthem

WATCHED BY A BEWILDERED AND ANGRY PEOPLE, these German armoured cars, accompanied by armed motor cyclists, drove through the heart of Prague to the Hradcin Castle, home of Bohemian Kings and Czechoslovak Presidents, and there took up their positions. In describing the occupation a *Times* correspondent stated: *As the day wore on the whistling and jeering at the German troops became louder and more prolonged, and a few volleys of snowballs greeted the tanks and armoured cars. The faces in the streets, from being glum and pale, began to regain their colour and tongues wagged more freely. Anticipating some such revival of spirit the German Commander-in-Chief imposed an 8 o'clock curfew order*

FROM THE "PEACE OF MUNICH" TO THE FALL OF PRAGUE

A Brief Diary of the Startling Events That Have Taken Place Since the Four-Power Conference

IT is a far cry to September 12, 1938, when Chancellor Hitler spoke at the close of the Nazi Congress in Nuremberg, demanding—modestly enough by recent comparisons—the right of self-determination for the Sudetens. That was the signal for crisis in Europe, and to all but the most optimistic it seemed that peace was at an end, that in a few days we would be faced with Armageddon. As Mr. Churchill told America, *"the stations are closing down, the lights are going out."*

ROSES ALL THE WAY: Chancellor Hitler's entry into Karlsbad in October, 1938. No such enthusiasm greeted him in Prague last week

Fortunately the "Peace of Munich" followed. Europe breathed again.

Then on **OCTOBER 1, 1938,** in accordance with the Munich agreement, German troops marched across the Czechoslovak frontier to occupy the first of the Sudeten zones allotted to them. There was no practical resistance, all Czech troops and police having withdrawn from the area on the previous night. Hosts of people lined the streets of the occupied towns, cheering and pelting the drivers of the armoured cars with flowers. At the same time many Czechs, Jews, and German Social Democrats fled towards Prague to seek sanctuary.

THE ONLY OPPOSITION to the German entry into Sudetenland last October occurred when this bridge was wrecked by retreating Czechs

Czechoslovakia accepted, "under protest," the terms of the final note sent by Poland, and it was agreed that the Teschen district, covering an area of 500 miles and having a population of 300,000, should be handed over almost immediately to Poland.

OCTOBER 2.—This was Peace Sunday in Britain, services of thanksgiving being held at Westminster Abbey and in churches throughout the country.

While German troops continued to enter Sudetenland and Polish troops took possession of the first zone allotted to them "beyond the Olza," the Hungarian Minister in Prague presented a note to the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister demanding similar concessions for Hungary.

AFTERMATH OF OCCUPATION: Herr Hitler with Konrad Henlein at an election meeting at Reichenberg in Sudetenland last December

OCTOBER 3.—Herr Hitler entered Germany's new territory near Asch—home town of Herr Henlein—and toured part of Sudetenland, arriving in the afternoon at Eger where he delivered an impassioned speech in the course of which he declared, *"Never shall this land be torn from the Reich."*

NOVEMBER 12.—Under the terms of the Vienna award Germany and Italy agreed that Hungary should receive the bulk of her demands in Slovakia and Ruthenia, consisting of 4,200 sq. miles of territory.

* * *

Thereafter Europe settled down to enjoy what most people felt to be no more than a breathing space. Dr. Hacha took the place of Dr. Benes as President of Czechoslovakia. Prague granted Slovakia and Ruthenia (the Carpatho-Ukraine) a large measure of autonomy.

Christmas passed without undue incident. Rumours followed, but Chancellor Hitler's speech to the Reichstag in January proved reassuring. There was no reason, he said, why the world should not look forward to a long period of peace. *"Germany has no further territorial ambitions in Europe."*

With the arrival of March, however, news came through of dissension among the autonomous provinces of Czechoslovakia.

MARCH 10, 1939.—Drastic measures to suppress Slovak separatism were taken by the Czechoslovak Premier, M. Beran, who dismissed the Slovak Prime Minister, Father Tiso, and other members of his Cabinet, placing them under police detention. Martial law was declared in Bratislava and other Slovak towns. The Hlinka Guard (Slovak nationalist storm troops) was disarmed and its barracks seized by the Czechoslovak army. *There was no hint that Germany intended to take drastic action.*

MARCH 11.—It was announced in Prague that Dr. Hacha, President of Czechoslovakia, had appointed a new Cabinet for the province of Slovakia, Dr. Karol Sidor, Vice-Premier of the Republic, taking the place of Father Tiso. Meanwhile Father Tiso sent an appeal to Herr Hitler.

MARCH 12.—Tension continued in the Slovak capital of Bratislava. Dr. Durcansky, the Slovak Minister who had fled with the fall of Father Tiso, declared in a broadcast from Vienna that the hour of liberation was at hand. At the same time arms were sent from Austria to the pro-Nazis in Slovakia. German newspapers gave the new Slovak Cabinet a hostile reception.

MARCH 13.—Herr Hitler presented Prague with an ultimatum demanding a change of Cabinet and complete independence for Slovakia and Ruthenia from the Czechoslovak Republic.

Father Tiso, the deposed Premier, flew to Berlin to see the Führer and received instructions.

German troops were reported to be moving towards the frontier from Munich.

MARCH 14.—While Dr. Hacha, the Czechoslovakian President, was on the way to Berlin, where (à la Schuschnigg) he went into conference with the Führer and Herr von Ribbentrop, German motorised troops were pouring into the Czech provinces of Moravia and Bohemia. Sweeping as were the concessions he offered, all Dr. Hacha's pleas to save even a measure of Czechoslovakian independence were in vain. Meanwhile Father Tiso had returned to Bratislava, bearing in his pocket the German mandate to proclaim the sovereign independence of Slovakia.

While Slovakia was thus engaged in cutting the painter, Carpatho-Ukraine, the third component of the dissolving Republic, was being invaded by the Hungarians.

THE BREAK-UP CONTINUES: Father Tiso (left), the Slovak Premier, and M. Kanya, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, pictured at the Komarom Conference last October, when Hungary's demands on Slovakia were partially satisfied

MARCH 15.—The disruption of Czechoslovakia was completed when the German troops, under General Blaskowitz, advanced right into snow-clad Prague, the Führer accompanying them. Fifteen minutes later the red, gold, and black standard, with swastika, was run up on the mast of the Hradcin, the very palace from which Good King Wenceslas—to the rest of the world a Christmas legend and to the Czechs a national saint and hero—looked out 600 years ago. Hitler's presence there reminded many of Napoleon's residence at Schönbrunn in Vienna, when Austria lay at the Corsican's feet.

Then came a series of swift Nazi decrees making Czechoslovakia a German protectorate. The Czech Cabinet was dismissed and the Czech army was forced to hand over all its arms and equipment.

BRATISLAVA, JANUARY 18: General Sirovy (left), the Czech commander-in-chief, and M. Beran, the Czech Premier, pictured at the opening of the Slovak Parliament, which they attended as guests

MARCH 16.—A further shock was given to the Central European system when Herr Hitler, having announced his recognition of the independent Slovak State, suddenly decided to take the territory "under protection," claiming that the Slovak leaders had requested him to do so.

In Hungary and Poland there was wild rejoicing at the news that Hungarian troops had at last burst through Ruthenia to create a common frontier with the Poles.

POLAND SPANS THE OLZA: Colonel Sword, British Attache in Warsaw, in conversation with a uniformed Silesian during Poland's occupation of the Teschen area of "Czechoslovakia" on October 2

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S POST MUNICH LEADERS: A recent picture of General Sirovy and Dr. Hacha, who succeeded Dr. Benes as third President of the Republic

WHERE THE FATE OF SLOVAKIA WAS MADE ABSOLUTE: Father Tiso, the Slovakian Premier, who was dismissed by President Hacha, pictured in conference with Herr Hitler in Berlin last week. The Führer gave Father Tiso a mandate to declare Slovakia independent, but two days later—so rapid was the march of events—Germany took Slovakia "under her wing" in response to a call for aid from Father Tiso

AT THE FÜHRER'S BIDDING: Father Tiso pictured on arrival in Berlin following his dismissal from the Slovakian Premiership by Dr. Hacha. In Berlin Father Tiso was given his instructions

HUNGARY MARCHES INTO RUTHENIA: Another Phase in Mid-European Disruption

THE END OF AUTONOMY IN RUTHENIA, the easternmost province of defunct Czechoslovakia, was heralded by the arrival at the frontier town of Taszo of this Hungarian cavalry unit which, with the rest of the army, pushed forward across the country to create a common border with Poland

LED BY A MILITARY BAND, Hungarian troops poured across the border into Ruthenia at the same time as Germany was carrying out her Prague coup. *On left*—Women giving the Nazi salute on the arrival of German troops at Saatz. *Below*—Germans entering Brno, Moravia, during a snowstorm

THIS WAS RUTHENIA:

A LITTLE NATION'S PARLIAMENT: This modern concrete building in the town of Chust has been since November last the seat of the government of the autonomous province of the Carpatho-Ukraine (Ruthenia). The province formed the easternmost part of the now defunct Czechoslovakian Republic owing allegiance to Prague, but last week it was invaded by the Hungarians, who pushed northward to establish a common frontier with Poland

FATHER VOLOSIN, first Prime Minister of the autonomous province of Carpatho-Ukraine, who fled to Rumania last week. He had hoped to make the province the cultural centre for the Greater Ukraine movement

AN ABLE MINISTER OF JUSTICE: M. Revay, who worked with Father Volosin in the administration of the province during the four and a half months of its autonomous existence, which came to an end last week

SALUTE TO INDEPENDENCE! Premier Volosin and Minister Revay, the two principal leaders of the autonomous province of the Carpatho-Ukraine, pictured on the balcony of the parliament building at Chust (the provincial capital). On the left and right are men and women members of the Sitch, a Free Corps having as its object the creation of a Greater

THE PROPAGANDA MINISTER of the Carpatho-Ukraine. Dr. Komenisky at his desk in the administrative offices at Chust. His object has been to keep in touch with the whole Ukrainian world, and he has been in continuous correspondence with Ukrainians in neighbouring Poland and Rumania

ONCE THE HOME OF A CONTENTED PEASANTRY: Timbermen's huts in the Carpathian mountains. For centuries the Little Russians, as the Ruthenians are called, have felled timber in the mountains in winter and floated the logs down into the plains each spring. There they would remain all the summer working on the land, and then in the autumn with money and corn to last them through the long months of cold, they would return home

On left—A YOUNG RUTHENIAN JEW whose ringlets give him a decidedly feminine appearance. Ten per cent. of the population is Jewish and this section has had considerable cause for apprehension owing to the Government's anti-Semitic tendencies. When Hungary swallowed Ruthenia last week, Rumania refused to admit any Jewish refugees

On right—FRAMERS OF UKRAINIAN OPINION: The poet Grendscha-Danski and behind him the son of Cerkarsenko, another literary figure in Ruthenia, pictured in their office in the Propaganda Ministry

Life in the Eastern Province of "Czechoslovakia" After It Won Autonomy Last Year and Before It Was Overrun by Hungarian Troops Last Week

Ukraine. Last week the Sitch fought to stem the advance of the Hungarians, who, taking advantage of Germany's coup in the west, set about eliminating the Carpatho-Ukraine in order to establish a common boundary with Poland. Having succeeded, Hungary declared that the newly acquired land would be allowed to retain at least its cultural independence

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS: High officials in their club-room at Chust, the untidy overgrown village which since the Munich crisis has been the capital of the Carpatho-Ukraine. As a result of the Hungarian occupation, Chust will doubtless now revert to its former position of obscurity

AN EXHIBITION OF RUTHENIAN ART being visited by picturesquely-clad peasant folk at Rahovo. The cultural aspirations of the Ukrainians have of late been centred upon the Carpatho-Ukraine, and it was thought that the newly autonomous province would, backed by Germany, make considerable strides. There was not a little surprise, therefore, last week, when the Hungarians advanced into the province while Herr Hitler was fully preoccupied with his Prague coup

THE BISHOP OF CHUST, the chief representative of the Greek Orthodox Church in the Carpatho-Ukraine, pictured with fellow dignitaries at a recent gathering

A CALL TO ARMS: A citizen examining posters issued by the Sitch, the unofficial army of the Carpatho-Ukraine, which is said to have received considerable financial backing from Herr Hitler

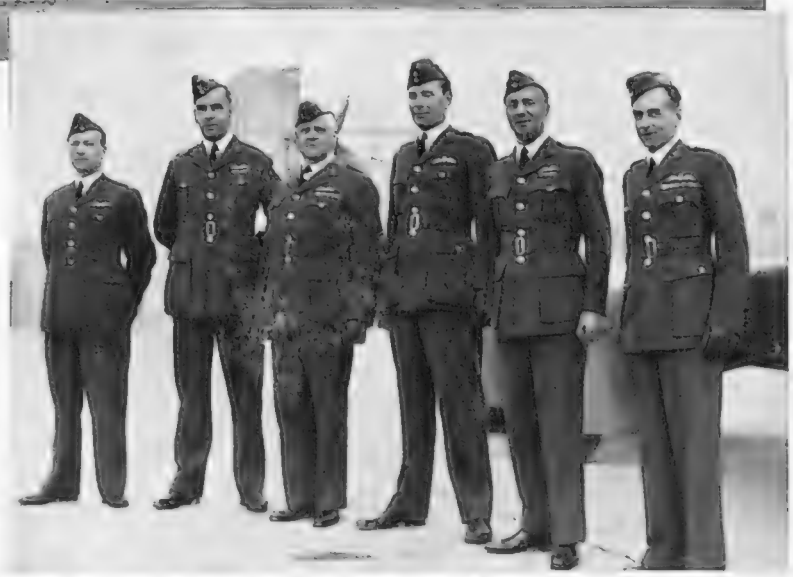
WOMEN OF CHUST: A picture taken in the Carpatho-Ukrainian capital. The Little Russians, as they are called, are a hard-working folk with very little interest in politics. Each village has a "hetman" who, with the local priest, decides how the people will vote. Patricia Byron, writing in the *Evening Standard* on March 15, described the almost complete illiteracy of the peasant folk. "Out of five men whom I asked what they thought of Herr Hitler, three had not heard of him," she declared

EAGER TO SERVE: Led by their commanding officer, Squadron-Leader Maunde-Thompson, boys of the Brooklands branch of the Air Defence Cadet Corps march across the aerodrome in front of a row of the famous Hawker Hurricane fighters of the R.A.F. The boys are all between fourteen and eighteen years of age and in the few months since they joined this voluntary organisation have made the most remarkable progress

YOUTH LOOKS SKYWARD

The Work of Brooklands Air Defence Cadet Corps

A CENTURY ago adventurous youth decided to lead the troops into battle as a drummer-boy, with visions of immortal glory for his coolness in action, or to become a powder-monkey, famed for his bravery amid the battle wrack. To-day there is a third career, in the air; and youngsters are flocking to join the Air Defence Cadet Corps. I wanted to see how the air-minded youth received their training, and so I went down to Brooklands Aerodrome, to see the Air Defence Cadet Corps which is typical of the many now being formed all over the country.



AT THE SERVICE OF YOUTH: These officers give up much of their spare time to the organisation and running of the Brooklands branch of the Air Defence Cadet Corps. (Left to right) Flight-Officer Gravely; Flight-Lieut. J. Machin; Squadron-Leader Maunde-Thompson; Flight-Lieut. John Grierson; Flight-Lieut. R. Saunders; Flight-Lieut. R. W. Greenwood. All are ex-R.F.C. or R.A.F. pilots

AFTER LESS THAN SIX MONTHS' TRAINING, these boys of the Air Defence Cadet Corps reveal an efficiency on parade that betokens their immense keenness. Drawn up behind them is a modern Hawker Hurricane fighter of the R.A.F.

Now it must be borne in mind that it is all voluntary. The officers give their time free, and the boys may cycle as much as 15 miles in order to attend their parades. Yet such is the spirit which animates the cadets that thirty out of the eighty-five in this particular corps have not missed a single parade this year and the average attendance is about 90 per cent., which is including an allowance for illness.

I should have liked to join, the uniform is so smart, the drill, even after such short training, so precise, but, alas, I am not between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

All the officers are flying men. The C.O. is genial and efficient Squadron-Leader Maunde-Thompson. An ex-gunner, he was flying with Hamel in 1913. But it was only four years ago, at the age of fifty-eight, that he took his own A licence. Now he gives his time and experience to the boys. Then there is Flight-Lieut. John Grierson, who has flown over most of the world. He is a test pilot for Hawker's. When I arrived at Brooklands he was just taking up one of the cadets for his first flight. The thrill of being flown by such a famous pilot was the boy's prize for diligence.

It was a joy to talk with the boys. They took me round to their offices—they are lucky at Brooklands in being the only corps with headquarters and establishments actually on an aerodrome. I saw the lecture rooms, the model-making room, the engineering room, and the wood-working room, which have been made out of a number of workmen's cottages which are older than Brooklands itself—and that dates back to 1906. All spotlessly clean and efficient, as was the drill hall in which they do their physical training.

"THEY JUMP TO IT AND LIKE IT," says Bob Lambert, who gives the cadets their physical training in the gym at Brooklands

What actually do the cadets do? They learn about the engines, the theory of flying, the making of aeroplanes, and finish by being able to qualify for the R.A.F. if they want to, with the least possible trouble. Parades are between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. twice a week.

They form a grand reserve, with knowledge of navigating, and a full theoretical and practical training.

And what does it cost these boys, who come from all types of families? Nothing except their energy and their uniforms, smart Air Force uniforms, paid for at the rate of 1s. a month up to 26s. The trouble is that after twenty-six months they have grown out of them and probably need a new uniform!

But, of course, this youth movement costs money. Captain Duncan Davis, managing director of the Brooklands Flying Club, acts as chairman of the cadets committee. He has raised £850 and needs at least £1,000 to set his pet corps on its feet to cater for the 100 boys who will soon be enrolled. He feels the work being done is so good that it would be a crime if it had to be discontinued through lack of financial support.

The cadets turned smartly on their heels, saluted, and were dismissed. But they stayed on, watching the aeroplanes landing and taking off, examining machines, discussing engines and types, fuel consumption and speed ratios.

I wished I were between fourteen and eighteen!

N. T.

PHASES OF PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION: *Left*—The boys crowd round an aero engine and (*centre*) a cadet sergeant explaining a mechanical point to two of his young colleagues. *Right*—A cadet adjusting his goggles when about to take off on a flight in a Tiger Moth with Flight-Lieut. John Grierson, the well-known test pilot. Flight-Lieut. Grierson, like the other officers, gives his services free to the corps. The boys eagerly compete for the chance to go up with him

HIGH DRAMA IN BERLIN:

Dr. Hacha's Visit to the Snow-bound City Where He was Forced to Concede Germany's Maximum Demands

THE VIA DOLOROSA OF OLD BOHEMIA: Dr. Hacha, President of Czechoslovakia, accompanied by Dr. Meissner, Herr Hitler's chef du cabinet, as he inspected a guard of honour outside the Anhalter Station before leaving Berlin to return to Prague after his momentous meeting with the Führer—a meeting that spelt the doom of the whole Czechoslovakian state. "Seldom has a victim been treated with such ceremony at the moment of sacrifice," wrote the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Dr. Hacha's reception contrasted markedly with that accorded to Herr Schuschnigg when summoned to Berchtesgaden. It later transpired that, while Dr. Hacha was pleading with Chancellor Hitler, the German troops from Munich were actually beginning to cross the Bohemian border

WHILE THE CZECH STORM WAS BREWING Herr Hitler, surrounded by the chiefs of his fighting forces, visited the Kroll Opera House to hear General-Admiral Raeder deliver a powerful plea for peace in a speech to mark the "Day of Heroes." *On right*—Troops marching through Berlin in a blizzard on the "Day of Heroes"

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE IS OPEN

And this Year, for the First Time in History, it Will Become a Recognised Trade Route

IN BELLOT STRAIT, where this summer the R.M.S. *Nascopie* will meet the motor schooner *Fort Ross*, thus inaugurating the joint service by which goods will be taken right through the North-west Passage. Bellot Strait divides the most northerly tip of the mainland from North Somerset Isle

THE North-west Passage linking east and west across the frozen Arctic will this year be open for commerce. The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay is, with the co-operation of the Canadian Government, to open up a new trade route under the roof of the world.

R.M.S. *Nascopie*, staunch little icebreaker of the Hudson Bay Company, will carry out her usual patrol into the eastern Arctic, carrying Royal Canadian Mounted Police relief officers; Hudson Bay Company officials and staff; Anglican and Roman Catholic missionaries; stores and supplies from the R.C.M.P. posts throughout the Arctic; trade goods northbound for the company's stores; Eskimo products in the way of walrus tusks, whale oil, white fox and polar bear skins southbound.

A PIONEER OF THE NORTH-LAND: This is Major D. L. McKeand, South African and great war veteran, who is in charge of the work of opening up the North-west Passage to trade. He will sail in the *Nascopie* this summer

On a day in late August the *Nascopie* will forge her way through the floating ice pans of Bellot Strait to Fort Ross on Boothia Peninsula. Boothia Peninsula is the most northerly tip of the American mainland. Bellot Straits prevent the mainland going farther north. Beyond Bellot are the Arctic islands.

As her anchors plunge down into the icy waters off Fort Ross, the *Nascopie's* look-out will be watching for the Hudson Bay Company's motor schooner, *Fort Ross*. The *Fort Ross* will have reached Fort Ross from the west, from Cambridge Bay, Coronation Gulf. The *Nascopie* will transfer to the *Fort Ross* trade goods and supplies brought all the way from Montreal. These commodities will then be taken by the *Fort Ross* to the Hudson Bay trading posts and the R.C.M.P. detachments in the western Arctic, thus completing the through route, the North-west Passage.

The Canadian Government expedition aboard the *Nascopie* will be commanded by Major D. L. McKeand, director of the Arctic. A veteran of the South African and great wars, Major McKeand has been in the government service for twenty-one years.

Commanding the *Fort Ross* will be Patsy Klingenberg, an Arctic skipper born and bred. Patsy's father was Christian Klingenberg, a Norwegian whaler who married an Alaskan Eskimo and settled in the western Arctic. Patsy, his son, has become a figure of romance in the far north. He once imported a second-hand Ford automobile into that land of rocks and snow and ice. Somehow that old motor has been carried across the Arctic. Some Eskimos at Pangnirtung in the eastern Arctic now own it. But the old car has not travelled a mile since it went north.

So Major McKeand, Canadian born, and Patsy Klingenberg, Canadian born, will rendezvous this summer at the half-way house of the North-west Passage.

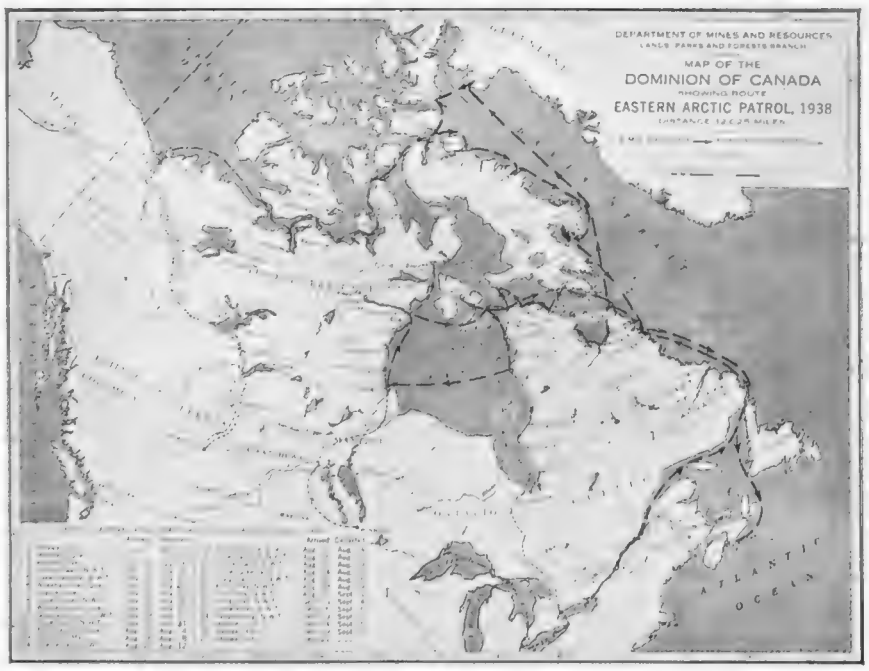
In 1937 and in 1938 the *Nascopie* reached Fort Ross and made contact with Klingenberg, then in the motor schooner *Aklavik*. Those were experimental meetings. From now on the North-west Passage will be traversed annually. Any adventurous soul in search of a holiday can book passage on the *Nascopie* and travel on her eastern Arctic patrol at a cost of about 600 or 700 dollars. He (or she) can then transfer to the *Fort Ross* and be carried to Cambridge Bay, thence to Coppermine or Aklavik.

From Aklavik up the Mackenzie basin to Edmonton is a stern-wheel steamer trip, occupying two or three weeks; from Coppermine to Edmonton an air trip. The passenger, if in a hurry, may fly down to Edmonton in two or three days. From Edmonton he can travel by regular Trans-Canada Airways planes to Calgary and out to Vancouver; or he can travel east to Montreal in 12 hrs. and so back to England.

PATSY KLINGENBERG AND FAMILY: Patsy commands the motor schooner *Fort Ross* which during the coming summer will meet the *Nascopie* in Bellot Strait and take aboard goods for the western Arctic, thus completing the transit of the North-west Passage. Patsy's father was a Norwegian and his mother was an Eskimo

At the end of this month the R.M.S. *Nascopie* will go to England for reconditioning. She will return at the end of June, and early in July will set sail from Montreal for her voyage into the north. This year, therefore, the *Nascopie* will sail from England, and eventually reach Bellot Strait and meet the *Fort Ross*. The *Fort Ross* will sail back west from Bellot Strait into the Arctic Ocean.

(Continued on page 454)



THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: A sketch map showing the position of Fort Ross, Bellot Strait, half-way house on the "passage," which this year is to be officially opened to trade. The arrows show the track of the *Nascopie* in 1938. She will take roughly the same route this year. The dotted line between Bellot Strait and Aklavik will be followed by the *Fort Ross* after she has picked up the *Nascopie's* cargo. A traveller making the journey as far as Aklavik could return by way of the Mackenzie River

MEN WHO BLAZED the ARCTIC SEA TRAIL

The Search for the North-west Passage Historically Considered

THE discovery of America was an accident. The lure that beckoned Christopher Columbus was not a new land, but a western route to the silks and spices of Cathay. The discovery of new land athwart that route was not merely incidental, it was a positive obstacle to be surmounted. While the Spaniards tried to push through this obstacle in the south until they reached that "peak in Darien" which brought them within sight of the Pacific, other adventurers thought to circumvent it by moving north. And so the search began for the North-west Passage.

John Cabot, that intrepid adventurer from Bristol, sailing under the orders of Henry VII, began the search. He found ice and fishing grounds. Though the latter became a source of wealth through the centuries greater than the fabled riches of China, it was not what Cabot was seeking.

Then came Jacques Cartier, the seaman of St. Malo, and the discoverer of New France. He found the mighty St. Lawrence and thought that at last the route to China was clear. His successors cherished the same illusion when they followed this river and reached inland seas. "La Chine" was over the horizon! They knew it. A town on the St. Lawrence still called Lachine is an evidence of their optimism.

While Radisson, La Verendrye, La Salle, and other bold spirits searched these territories for the Pacific, which they knew lay beyond, others continued to look north for a sea route to the east. Henry Hudson thought he had found it when in 1610 he entered the bay which now bears his name. Then in 1620, the search received new impetus by the formation of the "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay." If the lure of the fur trade began to dull the dream of a north-west sea passage as a short cut to the east, that trade itself and the fur companies which sponsored it opened up thousands of square miles of hitherto unknown north-western lands.

The map was unrolling northward. Profit, not in the Far East but in the Near North, was now the urge. Indeed, when in 1769 Samuel Hearne was sent by his employers to search for copper, which was rumoured to exist in great quantities in the Arctic, it was almost as an afterthought that he was instructed to find the North-west Passage as well. In the next year Hearne worked down the Coppermine River and became the first to reach the Arctic coast.

Hearne was followed by the great Alexander Mackenzie, who reached the Arctic coast farther west by the river which now bears his name. Later he struck west via the Peace River. Crossing the Rockies, he became the first white man to reach the Pacific Ocean from the north-west.

A north-west passage by land had been blazed but the search for the passage by sea went on. In 1818, a young naval officer, John Franklin, was given command of a ship for that purpose. The voyage was a failure. Years later, in 1845, he found himself at the head of another expedition. Two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, magnificently equipped and victualled for three years, were expected to win through where so many previous attempts had failed. On July 26 of that year Franklin's ships were seen by a whaler in Lancaster Sound. Then silence for years.

Expedition after expedition was dispatched in search of the missing explorers until finally their fate became clear. Records in a cairn discovered in 1859 by one of these relief parties told the story. Hemmed in and crushed by ice, the ships had been abandoned. Officers and crews totalling 105 persons tried to make their way over ice and land to safety. Strength and supplies failed, and as an old Eskimo woman stated to a relief expedition years later, "they fell down and died as they walked." But with their lives they forged the last link of the North-west Passage, for we now know that before they died, Franklin's men had reached a point within a few miles of the known waters of the Alaskan coast.

Franklin had found the passage, but he had not lived to sail through. That triumph was reserved for another explorer, the Norwegian, Roald Amundsen, a victor where so many heroes had failed.

Thus in 1906 the North-west Passage was conquered and now, after thirty-three more years, it has become open to regular traffic.

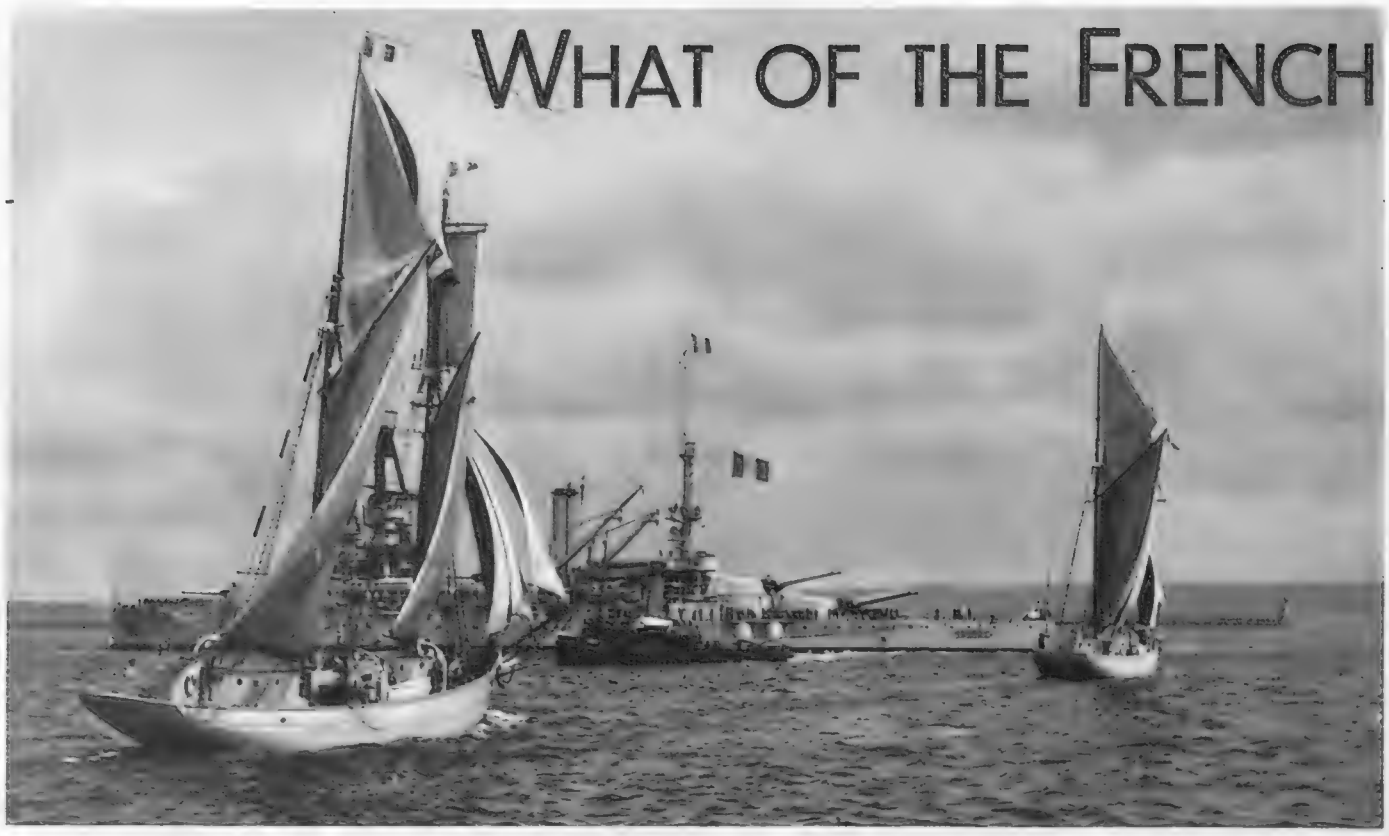
REGAL AND VICE-REGAL :

The Royal Marriage Arouses Much Enthusiasm in Egypt—Lord Linlithgow Receives on the Lawns at New Delhi

TWO GREAT MUSLIM HOUSES UNITED : The Prince Imperial of Iran, Shahpur Mohamed Reza Pahlevi, pictured with his bride, Princess Fawziya of Egypt, King Farouk, Queen Farida, and the Egyptian Queen Mother. An official group taken in the Queen's apartments at the Abdin Palace, Cairo, on Wednesday of last week after the signing of the marriage contract, an event that was celebrated with immense enthusiasm by the great crowds gathered in the capital

THE VICEROY ENTERTAINS 3,000 GUESTS : *Above*—Lord Linlithgow shaking hands with some of the notabilities who attended the big garden party he gave in New Delhi on March 10 in connection with the latest session of the Chamber of Princes. *Right*—Lord and Lady Linlithgow pictured as they came out to meet their guests. The Viceroy has had a particularly busy time of recent weeks both in the social and political spheres, his meetings with Mr. Gandhi having a distinctly important bearing on the clash of opinion at present existing between the Congress Party and the leading Princes

WHAT OF THE FRENCH NAVY?



TRAINING IN SAIL is still the ideal preparation for a career at sea and these two sailing vessels, *L'Etoile* and *La Belle-Poule*, play a useful part in giving practical instruction in seamanship to the young Frenchmen at the Brest Naval School. Each has accommodation for three officers, thirty cadets, five petty officers and twelve seamen. In the background is the warship *Provence*

"WHAT," someone asked recently in London, "does the French Navy amount to?" There was an unmistakable "is it any use?" tone.

France has always been so identified with her army that the tendency to bestow little attention on her fleet is comprehensible enough. "Isn't it old and superannuated?" And "isn't discipline fearfully slack?" These, one proceeded to find, were notions vaguely held by my interrogator who manifested some surprise on being told that the answer to each was in the negative—"definitely."

In sober fact, the Navy of our ally is the newest, ship for ship, sailing the seas at this moment, while, as for the discipline, I know no other fleet that spends so much time on "practices" or manœuvres, and how can indiscipline prevail to any extent when crews are constantly put to these most exacting of tests? Maybe *les gars de la marine* have an easy-going way with them even on shipboard—sometimes in port their vessels do look like laundry exhibitions. Maybe other ratings do at times appear a little casual with their superiors. Yet that is surface stuff born of *liberté, égalité*, and does not impinge when there's a job of work to be done, or something to be intelligently picked up and learnt.

The French Navy does suffer from certain handicaps, but hardening of the arteries and flirting with sailor-sovietism are not of their number. The Black Sea episode of twenty years ago, whose leading light was the later Communist Deputy, Marty, has long since been sunk without trace, and if proof were wanted, how could better be found than in below-deck bearing all through the anguishing role that had to be sustained over Spain, with its strong maritime complexion?

Navies are notoriously "lefter" than armies and the French exemplar is probably no exception: such seems to be about the cut of things.

As for the senility notion, this no doubt derives from the state of affairs that was allowed to develop and persist between, roughly, the years 1912 and 1926. In the former year the French Navy was good enough, strong in battleships, weak in cruisers. But as the respective roles of the Entente partners in the event of war became more clearly defined, the needs of France's Navy were increasingly sacrificed so that a maximum of effort might be expended on the land side. Britain would look after the seas. The absence of new construction thus brought about, the rustiness generated, the general falling-away, many French hoped to see recouped at the Washington Conference. Yet the Anglo-American pair partially curbed such plans for French naval rebirth as Briand perhaps failed to press firmly enough.

A LESSON IN NAVIGATION in the main lecture hall of the Naval School at Brest, from which the fleet draws its efficient personnel in the officer class. The school was founded in 1830 and its new quarters were opened in 1935

Come to think of it, though, Briand himself returned from that conference vexed at the Balfour – Hughes stopper, for I was to be involved in one slight manifestation of his soreness.

Scene: a suite at the Carlton, London. Time: December, 1921. Occasion: a visit of Premier Briand to Premier Lloyd George. Part of the agenda the pushing French submarine programme. (You must remember these were difficult Franco-British times; a month later Poincaré was to bring Briand down and initiate a policy destined to lead to a real and protracted estrangement.) How-be-that, I was ordered to London, from Paris, to "get on to Briand" and to get out of that wily soul just why France wanted submarines at all at that juncture. Against whom could she harbour thought of using them? There was nobody on the horizon. Save Albion. So I was ushered up to a suite where Briand was dining with Loucheur, and there ensued a brief exchange during which Aristide rose and paced heatedly,

ELECTRICAL INSTRUCTION: A class of budding engineers at work at the Brest Naval School

to finish with a wave towards the door and an *"I'll build submarines against whom I like and as many as I like!"*

The French had to wait until the appearance of the "Duguay-Trouin," in 1926, for initial sign of their new fleet. This cruiser, first of nearly a score, light and armoured, that have since been built, exceeded 34 knots compared with the 23 of the best pre-war effort, the "Waldeck-Rousseau." Yet it was not quite a happy restart. Everything was sacrificed to speed. These vessels had the thinnest protective armour, and the French soon decided what should have been foreseen, namely, that speed alone can be the most fragile of things: hit such a greyhound to the extent of her taking in water, and she forthwith loses the very attribute she depends upon to escape the enemy—speed—and becomes a sure target as she lags.

Yet it might be as well to reflect that the French have ever been experimenters on the sea and that there can be little wrong about that provided ideas are not allowed to run away with themselves. More, the French have ever been in the van of progress in design and invention. In the days of sail French fleets usually outsailed ourselves, and not a few British admirals of the past considered their best ships to be those captured from the eternal challenger ("Implacable") or others built after their model. Thanks to the vision of that Emperor who should one day come

The Measure of its Efficiency Made Plain

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"LE TREMINTIN": This much altered veteran is used as a floating annex by Brest Naval School

more into his own, Napoleon III, the French were first with ironclads, Lôme being the architectural genius. In the late seventies our friends were first, again, with the torpedo-boat, as they repeated the effort in the late nineties with the first submarine. And looking at France's fleet to-day there are two further firsts: the 40-knot, up to 3,000 tons *contre-torpilleur* with the armament of a light cruiser, and the under-water cruiser "Surcouf," with heaviest permissible armament, range of 11,500 miles, crew of 150, and aeroplane.

FOR THE KEEN STUDENT the Brest Naval School has a library with a wonderful collection of books on naval theory

Curiously, my to-day's paper reports from Brest: "The Atlantic Fleet, flagship 'Dunkerque,' sailed this morning for practices that will continue until June 17. It includes the 2nd Battle Squadron, 4th Cruiser Division, 2nd Light Squadron, 2nd Torpedo Flotilla, and 4th Submarine Squadron. The long-distance cruising submarine 'Surcouf' also sailed and will continue exercises off the West African coast until June 30."

The duration of the above exercises will not be lost. With the assurance of the landsman I should hazard that asset No. 1 of the French Navy to-day is the way it keeps on the main job, cost what it may, and does.

I must cut short history. Georges Leygues was the Minister who laid the foundations of the new Navy, and when he died, a no less worthy successor came in the Corsican Senator Piétri. To-day's Minister is also a Corsican, Campinchi, and the natal origin of these two builders cannot be entirely lost in certain quarters. Anyway, it seems to lend vim to the general proceedings. Piétri completely rebuilt a host of ageing or erroneously-conceived major ships, answered Germany's "pocket battleships" with the 26,500-ton "Dunkerque" and "Strasbourg," which are to-day doing valuable interim duty pending the arrival of our King George V quintette, and laid down the just-launched "Richelieu," first of four 35,000-ton battleships. Having depended since the war on lighter craft, the French Navy of the immediate to-morrow will have a solid background of heaviest metal.

Construction is being carried on by 1,000 engineers and over 18,000 skilled personnel, but here a cautionary note has to be introduced. I mentioned handicaps. These are two-fold. Ships have a habit of costing not only too much but considerably more than estimated for, before they are completed. And labour troubles lead to such things as a delay of nine months with the "Richelieu" and of eleven with her sister-vessel, the "Jean-Bart." Regarding cost, the former has cost 327,000,000 francs more than bargained for, a condition of affairs that requires to be digested beside the insufficiently noticed but profound advantage the Duce enjoys in being able to build his 35,000-ton "Vittorio-Veneto" and "Littorio" at infinitely less cost than the French reply, thanks to the cheapness of Italian labour and working this all out, but also by reason of a most intelligent amassing

IN LINE AHEAD: A physical training class in the Tourville Hall at Brest Naval School

of all material, such as is born only of deep necessity.

Present-day disciples of Colbert have a third matter to worry them in the falling-off of re-enlistment: it is argued that there is small use in building ships if there's to be a lack of trained personnel to man them. The peace-time strength of the Navy is 60,000, and while there is no lack of one-year conscripts, chiefly from Brittany and the Mediterranean coast, men who contract for five, ten, fifteen years, is what is wanted. One hears that reward is not now deemed enough, beside the all-round rise in wages in civil life. There is a bait of £20 upon five-year enlistment, and of £60 on completion with good conduct. But more inviting may be the teaching of a job that will be useful in civil life, for which instruction six months is allotted; nor must a readiness to employ ex-naval men be lost sight of.

Again, one can vouch for the great improvement in living conditions afloat and ashore, in general turn-out, clothing, equipment, as Portsmouth no doubt had occasion to note when a detachment called coincident with

ALL ABOARD THE GIGS: French naval cadets about to be towed out to their ships before leaving on a training cruise

President Lebrun's visit. These *gars* are clean, fresh, and hardy, health and physique having improved alike from the well-cooked, genuine meals provided, and the growing addiction to *le sport*; in fact, there is little more to be said on the hygienic side after one has chronicled that there are to be 550 *lavabos* in the "Richelieu" (responsibility for this rests with the *Monde Illustré*).

As for the officers, their natural quickness of mind has been keyed up by foreign sneering at France: they are very keen these days. I hope later to visit the fine new Naval Academy now flowering on the point of Finistère. Here, after 267 years of wandering, even inland to Angoulême, the naval school has come to rest. It originated in Colbert sending 200 gentlemen of his guard to the two chief ports, there "to receive lessons in everything touching navigation." Maybe the 200 had success with the ladies akin to that scored with almost film-like certainty by their smart aftercomers of to-day; they could hardly have got away with it easier. Thrilling film stories have aided in popularising the French Navy, abstractly, its personnel of all ranks, concretely.

A stroke of luck has ordained that our ally's fleet should be in the hands of a man who not only recalls Beatty physically, but is said to do so in other respects. Not long ago I had a good look at Admiral Darlan as he stepped from a pinnace at Bizerta, with M. Daladier. Yes, he looked what one had heard. Vice-Admiral Abrial, who would command the fighting force in the Mediterranean, is his second. In this admiral's sphere lies the nation's chief defence problem, that of safeguarding the lines of communication with North Africa. The greater part

(Continued on page 456)

THE REFECTORY AT BREST NAVAL SCHOOL: On the wall above every table is inscribed the name of a unit of the French fleet. The school is essentially for future officers, while, as will be seen in the following pages, there are training ships for the conscript and volunteer sailors

How France Trains its "A

A BUDDING MATELOT: A sixteen-year-old sentry, of the "Ecole des Apprentis-Marins," presenting arms on board one of the three training ships in the harbour at Brest—the Portsmouth of the French Navy

GOING ALOFT is not the essential it was in the days of sail, but for the boys on the Frenc training ships at Brest it provides a test of nerve that is not without considerable value as a guide to character. This picture was taken aboard *L'Armorique* (the former warship *Mytho*)

THE SIGNALLER'S ART: Recruits practising on the deck of one of the training ships at Brest

On left—
PHYSICAL JERKS of course form an important part of the curriculum

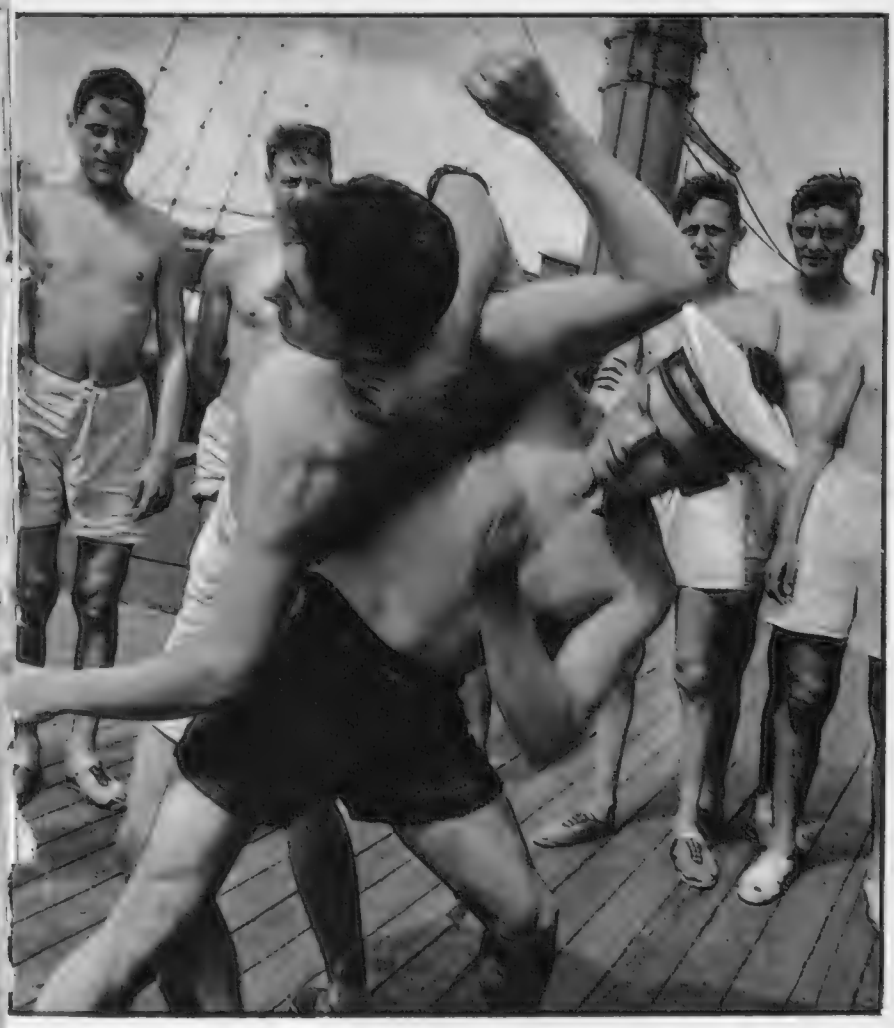
Brains . . .

A geometry class in progress on board one of the training ships

"Armée de Mer": Glimpses of Life Aboard the Big Training Ships at Brest

MORNING PARADE on board *L'Armorique* where so many of the sailors of the "Armée de Mer" receive their training before joining ships of the French fleet. The navy is manned partly by voluntary enlistment and partly by the transference to the navy of some of each year's army recruits

KEEPER OF YOUTH: Commander Le Vourde, who is in charge of the training ships at Brest. Most of his material comes from the maritime departments of Finistere, Morbihan and Cotes du Nord



Wrestling is just one of the many ways by which the boys contrive to keep fit

. . . And Brawn

FAITHFUL TO THE FIFE: This is the traditional instrument on the training ships, each of which organises its own drum and fife band

On right—
A STERN VIEW OF "L'ARMORIQUE," one of the three training ships at Brest. She was built about sixty-three years ago and originally named the *Mytho*

SADLER'S WELLS SCALES NEW HEIGHTS: Ronald Stear as Baron Ochs and Joan Cross as the Princess in Clive Carey's magnificent production of *Der Rosenkavalier* which has been received with immense enthusiasm. Writing of Joan Cross in last week's issue of "The Sphere," Philip Page declared:—"I have never seen or heard a better Princess and I will compare her with, and put her on the same level as, Lotte Lehmann"

SHARING IN THE FIRST NIGHT TRIUMPH at Sadler's Wells were Ruth Naylor, who made a well-nigh ideal Sophie, and Joy McArden, who sang the part of Octavian Rofrano. "The performance and production," stated Philip Page, "is perfection. The orchestra plays splendidly, putting the true Strauss flavour into the subtle score, while in the arrangement of the difficult mob scene there is no hitch anywhere"

BEFORE I was born farces were produced at the Criterion Theatre about unfaithful husbands who had a wild time in Paris with little ladies who were *un peu schockeeng*. Such husbands left behind them in England plain but worthy wives; there was a restaurant scene in which the principal characters kept on saying, "What a night!"; and the husband grew penitent in the last act, with peace and reconciliation as the curtain falls.

Except that the wife, being Miss Kay Hammond, is not at all plain and there is no restaurant scene, *Sugar Plum* is much on these lines. Mr. Arthur Macrae, who has written it and also acts in it, has chosen the label "light comedy." But it is farce for all that, and of the conventional Criterion type.

That does not indicate that it is not good fun. The author writes dialogue which is easy, natural and for the most part consistently amusing. If there is hardly a line of wit, there is a vein of good-humoured, and sometimes bad-humoured, banter which carries on the fun more than adequately. All sorts of silly modern foibles—dog-worship by females, for instance—are shown up and there is an embarrassing show-down for the errant husband which is in the best vein of comedy. For Mr. A having deceived Mrs. A is made to feel and look a fool by Mrs. A deceiving him (or pretending to) with Mr. B, a bachelor who is engaged to Miss C. Mrs. A and Mr. B got very drunk together on rum, which was the best thing for them if they were suffering from colds in the head. There was something wrong with Mr. B's head the next morning, but it wasn't a cold. Incidentally, he had Mrs. A with him in his London flat, what time it was inspected by Mr. A as a prospective tenant.

That drunken scene wore its welcome after a while, though I find it no more tedious to watch people on the stage drinking too much rum than to watch them eating too many cucumber sandwiches, as they do in Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

I would not dub *Sugar Plum* a masterpiece by a longish chalk; but it produces a couple of hours of laughter, thanks both to the author's sense of fun and to the really flawless company gathered round him. Mr. Ronald Squire deceives amiably and in most polished fashion as the elderly but not too elderly husband. Miss Kay Hammond puts a sharp edge on all she says, an alluring appearance preventing her from becoming shrewish. Miss Agnes Lauchlan and Mr. George Howe hover divertingly as a farcical aunt and uncle, and Miss Louise Rivière, with a charming appearance, a particularly pleasant speaking voice and, obviously, a thorough knowledge of her job, is that rarity, an *ingenue* who is not colourless.

DODIE SMITH WEDS: The author of *Dear Octopus*, current success at the Queen's Theatre, with her business manager, Alec Beesley, whom she has just married in the United States. Since Miss Smith's play *Autumn Crocus* was produced at the Lyric Theatre in 1931 she has enjoyed success after success, gaining an ever increasing following

Ballet at Sadler's Wells.

—By the time these lines are published, the Vic-Wells Ballet (if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent them) will have danced at Covent Garden on an occasion of much state and importance before the King and Queen and the President of the French Republic. Meanwhile they continue to give performances of ever-increasing excellence at Sadler's Wells. This country having become extremely ballet conscious within the last few years, there is, I find, a certain amount of moaning among the balletomanes that it is such a long time since Russian ballet was seen in London. There is to be some of this in the summer, but not until the season of grand opera is over. That is rather a long time to wait, and accounts of the triumph and popularity of La Riabouchinska and her companions in the Antipodes are hardly sufficient compensation.

What should be a compensation are the ballet performances at the Wells. The other night I saw an ideal triple bill—Schumann's *Carnaval*, *Apparitions*, and *Facade*. The first-named, which has long been a classic, is, according to the programme, now seen in

Drawn by Percy Horne

LIGHTING EFFECTS IN "JOHNSON OVER JORDAN," J. B. Priestley's play which has been given a new lease of life at the Saville Theatre, are an outstanding feature of the production, and in this sketch are shown some of the powerful lanterns and reflectors employed in the last act when Robert Johnson arrives at "The Inn at the End of the World." The lanterns have 1,000-watt lamps, giving a total illumination of 10,000 watts, and these project coloured lights of varying intensity on the 45 ft. high curtains of rough hessian and canvas. The effect in the closing moments of the play, when Robert Johnson takes his departure for the beyond, is impressive in the extreme

On Stage and Screen

"SUGAR PLUM" PROVIDES LAUGHS AT THE CRITERION

Kay Hammond in a Bright Comedy: "Mrs. Van Kleek" Evidences a Bad Point in the Actor-Manager System

By PHILIP PAGE

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE: Olivia de Havilland (centre) in *Wings of the Navy*, a well-directed flying picture at the Warner Theatre. It has been made with the co-operation of the U.S. Navy department and, despite the propaganda element and rather conventional theme, has some thrilling sequences

Clerkenwell "according to an arrangement made on our behalf by Mr. A. L. Haskell." What that means, precisely, I neither know nor care. But I do know that it was beautifully done, the chief dancing hits being scored by Miss Elizabeth Miller and Mr. Ferderick Ashton.

Apparitions is from the same stable as *Symphonic Fantastique*. I like it better because, in this case, I like the music of Liszt better than that of Berlioz. For here is little-known Liszt (none of the hackneyed Hungarian Rhapsody and Liebestraum stuff) selected and arranged with much skill and good taste by Mr. Constant Lambert. Mr. Robert

LIFE OF A HEROINE: Edwige Feuillère in the title role of *Marthe Richard au Service de la France*, a film at the Berkeley Cinema, Mayfair, based on the actual adventures of Mlle Richard who now lives in Paris and during the great war days was one of Mata Hari's most successful rivals. Co-starring is Erich von Strohelm, that veteran Viennese player who is now enjoying a new success in French pictures

Helpmann as the Byronic poet minced and danced with positive genius. When it is remembered that Mr. Helpmann has recently been playing speaking parts in Shakespeare at the Old Vic, it must be conceded that he is indeed a versatile young man.

Facade is generally held to be most awfully funny. I find it not easy to laugh at; but it is an interesting piece of fooling, and Mr. William Walton, this time in lighter mood, has provided light music which really is light without being for one moment trivial or clap-trap.

The *corps de ballet* generally not even the Russians could surpass; and if there is a better instructor of ballet than Mr. Lambert, I have yet to meet him.

"Mrs. Van Kleek."—The actor-manager, or actress-manageress, system comes in for plenty of criticism and even abuse nowadays, largely at the hands of those who cannot possibly have remembered it in full swing. That system had more good points than bad about it. One of its bad points was fully exemplified at the Playhouse last week with the production of *Mrs. Van Kleek*. I have never read the story by Elinor Mordaunt on which it was founded: from all accounts this is first-rate, as I am quite prepared to believe.

As a play it is so dull and feeble that it is hardly a play at all. Such dramatic qualities as the story must have had seem to have been eliminated altogether. The only feature not eliminated is the central figure, and if this has not been built up deliberately, as I rather suspect it has, it is allowed to remain unduly prominent. Mrs. Van Kleek herself, who runs the sole hotel on a remote island in the Indian Ocean, is a rough-tongued, tyrannical, but not ill-natured old harridan, who leads us to suppose (though, in my case, not to believe) that when young, men did eagerly frequent her hotel. Not only does she dominate the hotel, she dominates the play—what there is of it to dominate—which is a profound mistake.

The worst of those bad points in actor-managership to which I have just referred, was the tendency for the person in supreme command to play a big fat part and to scoop all the limelight. That was scarcely excusable even when the play was a good one and that part sympathetic as well as being big and fat. In certain cases there was, of course, some justification; one did not expect, for instance, anyone else in the centre of the stage when the play was *Hamlet* and the player Henry Irving. But *Mrs. Van Kleek* is, to put it mildly, not such a good play as *Hamlet*, and Miss Nancy Price, to put it as politely as possible, is not another Henry Irving. What is more, a character as harsh and as hard as this Van Kleek woman is intolerable, except in limited doses, however well it is played.

Willingly and truthfully can it be conceded that no one could have played it better than Miss Price, who specialises in this line of haggery. She made the woman intensely alive, gave her an unpleasantly common accent and ranged in appearance from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Seymour Hicks as Scrooge.

Mrs. V. K.'s good nature showed itself in the hospitality she showed to Miss Pamela Stanley, who had run away from her husband, a repellent type of missionary who needed a larger dose of the Christian spirit and also a hair-cut. Even, so the pair of women had a bit of a squabble in which Miss Stanley's excessive gentility waged a losing battle with Mrs. V. K.'s rasping accents. Miss Pamela then dropped out of the play altogether; her husband, who had taken even less part in it, died of the plague in the arms of his mother, who was, of course, Mrs. V. K., though he did not seem to be aware of the fact. A score or more of characters moved in and out of that hotel—men in khaki, Indian servants, Nautch girls, an Irish priest in a cassock, doctors and so forth—but to very little purpose. The play, for all practical purposes, simply isn't there.

"Topper Takes a Trip" (Film).—These Bennetts are constantly refuting the absurd idea that the blonde and beauteous glamour girls of the films have no qualities other than their blondeness and their glamour.

Some weeks ago I saw Miss Joan Bennett give an exquisite performance in an execrable film. I have just seen her sister Constance give a performance not quite so good but, still, very good indeed, in a film that is far better, namely, *Topper Takes a Trip*, at the Odeon.

Miss Constance Bennett's comedy line in this film is appearing to be a trifle bored without being in the least boring. If some of *Topper Takes a Trip* is tripe most of it is pretty good, and it gives her ample opportunities of which she makes full use. The plot is hugely complicated—much of it about ghosts, though not of the spectrous and spooky type—and in order fully to comprehend it some knowledge seems to be necessary of a previous *Topper* film, of which this seems to be a sequel.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONTINUES ON HER WINNING WAY: The child star arriving with her parents at the Cathay Circle, Hollywood, for the preview of her new picture, *The Little Princess*

HERMIONE GINGOLD IN "SPIN," one of the clever sketches included in the brightly written *Gate Revue*, which was recently transferred from its birthplace to the slightly more spacious Ambassadors' Theatre

SHIPS AND THE SEA: Stormy Weather Off the North-east Coast: Completing the Great Cunarder: A New Flagship for the East Indies Station

THE WILD WAVES OF WINTER:

A dramatic seascape from the north-east coast showing a big sea running outside one of the Tynemouth piers which is being swept by the waves. Fishing vessels had to make a dash for home

PROGRESS of the "QUEEN ELIZABETH":

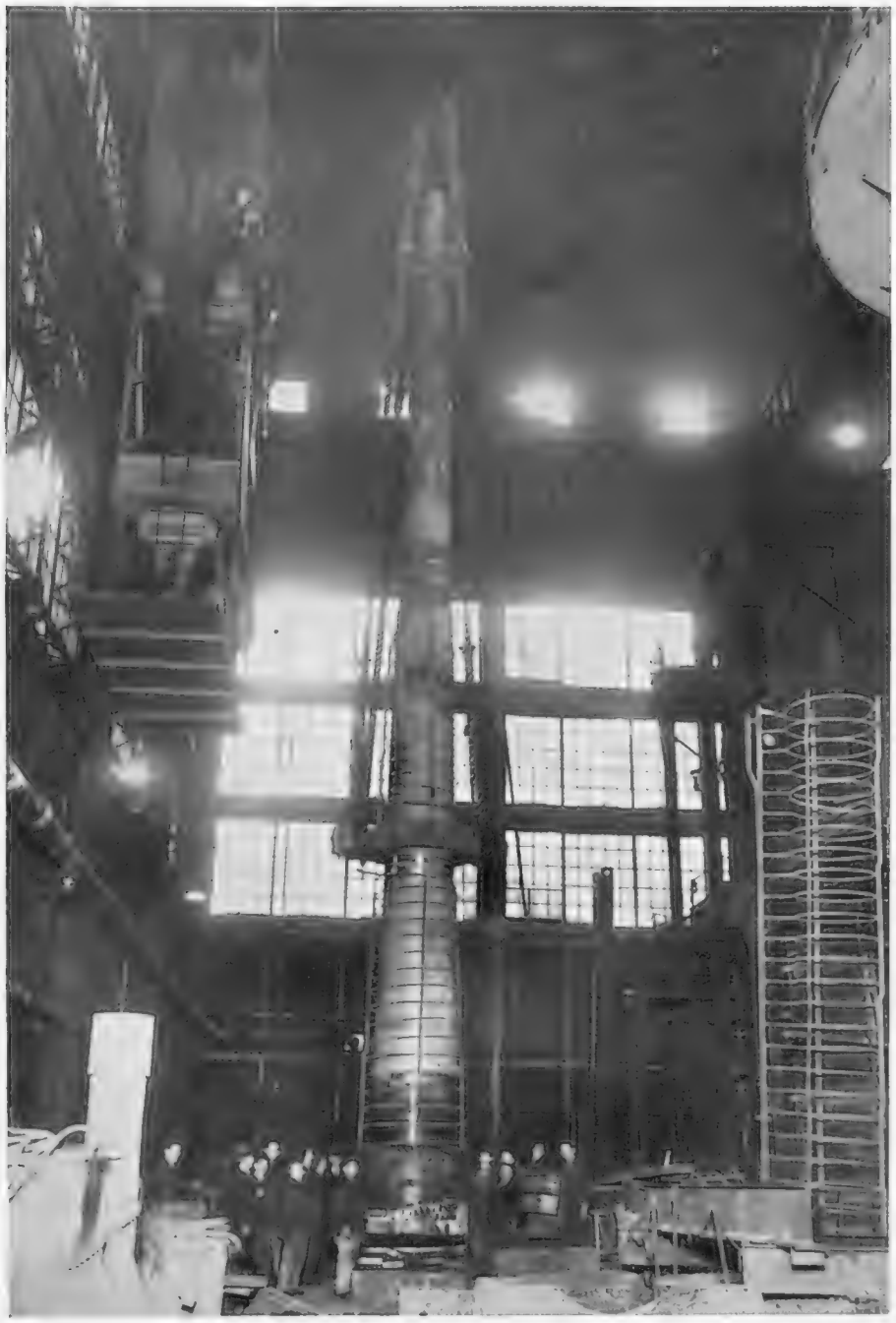
A striking view of the giant new Cunard White Star liner in Messrs. John Brown's fitting-out basin at Clydebank where she is now well on the way towards completion. Her funnels will soon be added

"GLOUCESTER'S" FIRST COMMISSION:

The new 9,000-ton cruiser of the Southampton class seen as she set out from Devonport on her maiden voyage to the East Indies where she will replace H.M.S. *Norfolk* as the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, East Indies

NEW LIFE FOR WORN GUNS

Electro-Deposition, A Notable Innovation at Woolwich Arsenal



CUTTING ORDNANCE REPAIR COSTS: *Above*—A 16-in. naval gun being slung in readiness for lowering into a pit where it is heated by a series of gas rings *(right)* before the removal of the inner tube. Two pictures taken at Woolwich Arsenal where the Research Department has lately originated a new method of saving money on renovation work. The process consists of the electro-deposition of a layer of nickel on worn parts, the deposit, which grows at the rate of one-thousandth of an inch an hour, achieving absolute unity with the metal. When sufficient metal has been deposited the section is sent to the machining shops

ON THE THRESHOLD OF HER CAREER: The new cruiser *Edinburgh* being towed down the Tyne before running her trials. She is one of our finest cruisers, belonging to the improved Southampton class laid down under the estimates of 1936. With her twelve 6-in. guns, eight 4-in. A.A. guns, torpedo tubes, and catapult planes the *Edinburgh* has a very powerful armament. The raking funnels are a noteworthy feature, rendering her easy to distinguish

A DOMINANT FIGURE in the French film industry is Sacha Guitry, author, actor, and producer, who is seen advising Lynn Harding during the filming of *Les Perles de la Couronne*—a recent historical picture made in France

THE FRENCH FILM CHALL

A Spate of Pictures Marked by Clever Photography and Appealing Acting by Feminine Leads Give America and England Food for Thought

THE most successful film shown in Paris during the past few years is Emile Zola's *La Bête Humaine* (directed by Jean Renoir), now in its tenth week at the Cinema de La Madeleine. There never was a finer film of its kind produced in France. But that does not necessarily imply that it will appeal to everybody. The theme is brutal and sordid, and many may be inclined to walk out two-thirds of the way through its showing. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to produce a more realistic interpretation of Zola's story. The remarkable photography undoubtedly contributes largely to the success of this film. Then there is the acting: Jean Gabin and Simone Simon give truly praiseworthy performances. Furthermore, the psychological treatment of story and character, the *mise-en-scène* and continuity —and even the make-up—could not have been bettered. If it does not suffer too much at the hands of the censor's cutter, *La Bête Humaine*, a masterpiece of cinematographic melodrama, ought to be proclaimed in London as the greatest achievement of the French film industry.

Two other films which have been running for a long time in Paris are *Trois Valses* and *Trois de Saint-Cyr*. The first is a gay operetta set to Viennese music by Strauss, the second an epic story glorifying the heroism of the French army in northern Africa. Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay star in *Trois Valses*, while a new actor, Jean Chevrier, gives a fine performance in *Trois de Saint-Cyr*.

These three outstanding productions, which differ totally from each other, prove that the French producers are becoming more and more ambitious and that the type of French film which has become so popular in London is being supplemented with musical and spectacular productions, such as the two last-mentioned films. Not content with these successes, the French companies are now engaging stars who have earned world fame in the Hollywood studios. Grace Moore has just completed a film version in Paris of *Louise*, the famous operetta by Georges Charpentier. Marlène Dietrich will star in a French film to be produced in the spring. Meanwhile there are a number of other well-known foreign actors and actresses working in the Paris studios (Eric von Stroheim, for example).

What is it that draws these stars to the Paris studios? Eric von Stroheim made no hit in Hollywood yet he now features regularly in the leading French films. One may well ask for an explanation of the continued success abroad of the French films.

The year 1938 was very successful for the French film industry. Despite the unsettled condition of the country and the disturbing international situation, 122 films were produced in France, eleven more than last year. The excellence of *Prison sans Barreaux*, *Quai des Brumes*, *La Bête Humaine*, *Hôtel du Nord*, *Trois Valses*, *Trois de Saint-Cyr*, *Conflit*, *Retour à l'Aube*, etc., indicates that the high standard of the films produced during the past two years is being maintained

The recent decline in the British film industry has encouraged the showing of the ever increasingly popular French productions in London. The Cinematographic Act, while intended to motivate the industry at home (with the irrational reasoning that the favouring of more costly productions should prompt a corresponding rise in the quality of output) has only resulted in the contrary. Eighty-five films were produced in 1938 in the British studios. This shows a 60 per cent. deficit on 1937.

In Britain, cinemas spring up like mushrooms: there are an excessive number of them. So, with the failing British industry, the demand for foreign films increases. There were thirty-one French films shown in Britain in 1938 as compared with fifteen in 1937. The producers in France hope to set a really high record this year in foreign exportation. According to the rate and quality of films already produced and those in preparation, 1939 looks like being a remarkably good year for the French industry. Even some of the American companies are expressing alarm. There is no lack in France of confident financial backing for the production of films national in character. This explains much of the success of the industry, for here it is treated as a national business. Censorship is another factor which stands much in favour of the production and showing abroad of the French film.

Film censorship in America is very strict. Before work is started on any film in Hollywood careful note has to be made of what the censor does and does not permit. In France, however, the *metteur-en-scène* (who stands for what the producer is in America) is at liberty to film what and how he likes, for it is only after production that the censor judges the film. This, of course, is of decided advantage in the creation of an artistic film independently produced by highly experienced technicians.

In my last article on the film industry in France (THE SPHERE, May 25, 1938) I explained how the method of procedure in the production of a French film differs from that of Hollywood. Nearly all the Paris studios are let out for short periods to different companies wishing to produce films. Owing to the great expense of hiring a studio, these companies are naturally anxious to complete the production as quickly as possible. The system, it will be noted, differs from that of Hollywood, where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for example, have their own studios and army of technicians to carry out productions at their leisure. The American film studio, in fact, resembles a huge factory with its perfectly organised methods for turning out a certain type of product.

Now the Paris studios, although lacking some of these mechanical aids to production, yet prove to be more adapted to artistic experiment. The independent companies are free of conventional rules and are not governed by the demands of the censor before production is undertaken. It is this liberty of procedure in the making of a French film that so readily appeals and gives inspiration to both actor and technician. I recall Grace Moore telling me how much she enjoyed working in Paris and that for the moment she had no inclination to accept enticing American offers to return to Hollywood. She finds that the organisation in the American studios is almost too perfect. "It is mechanical," she says, "just a question of pressing buttons. Everything is ruled and regulated. There is little attempt at original artistic experiment."

And this is just the reason why French stars who are called to Hollywood

CHARACTERISTICALLY FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHIC TREATMENT in well-known operetta by Georges Charpentier. Grace Mo wood to play the starring role which gives her a ve

FRANCOISE ROSAY AS FLORA in *Les Gens du Voyage*, a new picture at the Academy, one of several London cinemas that have been thriving of recent years on the presentation of French-produced films with English sub-titles

PIERRE FRESNAY AND YVONNE PRINTEMPS make a fine *Valses*, a gay musical with its setting in the Strauss music. It had its premiere earlier in the month at

ENGE STARTS with the INVASION of LONDON: By Alexander Watt

never stay there long. Simone Simon returned recently to Paris where she made a sensational come-back as a remarkable tragedienne in *La Bête Humaine*. Danielle Darrieux, now London's favourite French film actress, has starred in a number of productions since her return from Hollywood. It does not look as if the French producers are going to let her out of their hands again. Many of these stars are glad to escape the studio routine and artificiality of Hollywood, to get back to the different atmosphere of the Paris studios with their independent companies.

No attempt is made to engage them in big spectacular films typical of the American studios, for such productions are hardly suited to French methods of filming. (Duvivier, one of the leading figures in the French film world, went recently to Hollywood to produce an ambitious spectacle, *The Great Waltz*—it was a failure.) It is even rumoured that Marlene Dietrich will play the part of a petite Montmartroise in her forthcoming French film. A surprising change from her customary roles!

The independent French film companies are concentrating on the production of a particular type of film which has become very popular both in France and abroad, Morality films and those set in the *milieu* and the underworld. These are so cleverly adapted that it would seem as if a group of actors, actresses, and technicians had been formed and trained solely for this kind of production dealing with social problems. The character parts are given special psychological study and are admirably acted, the decor is most realistic in execution, and the photography of high artistic merit.

One can as little imagine Norma Shearer acting the part of Vivianne Romance in *Prison de Femmes*, as Vivianne Romance acting the part of Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette*. I am convinced that Jean Gabin would not consider acting the role of a Charles Boyer dressed up in tails or wearing the uniform of Napoleon, any more than Boyer himself, versatile and talented though he may be, could hope to rival the tormented Gabin in *La Bête Humaine*.

The fact, too, that the production of this type of drama is not encouraged in the studios of Hollywood or Elstree explains their increasing demand abroad. Incidentally, there were two recent attempts to compete with this French film formula: *Pépé le Moko*, re-filmed in Hollywood, and *Prison sans Barreaux*, re-filmed in London. Both were failures.

This year Londoners may look forward to a number of excellent French films of varied subjects. The typical French melodrama will be much in evidence. *La Bête Humaine* will appeal to those who admired Jean Gabin in *Pépé le Moko*. He stars again with Michèle Morgan in *Le Récif du Corail*, and with Simone Simon in the remarkable *La Bête Humaine*. Louis Jouvet also takes the leading part in a number of films, among them being *Hôtel du Nord* (with Annabella) and *La Fin du Jour* (with Michel Simon and Madeleine Ozeray).

in *Louise*, a film based on the Moore was lured from Holly- very real chance to shine

starring couple in *Trois* 1900's and accompanied by the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair

THE BIG SIX OF THE FRENCH SCREEN:

Young Artistes who have Helped in the Rivalling of Hollywood

Nothing has done more to make the film-going public conscious of French films than that bright constellation of feminine leads that has made its appearance of recent years, duly stimulating the box office and arousing the envy of a Hollywood ever eager for new talent. These young women have, in fact, put French films on the map, and among the best known of them are:—

Simone Simon.—Born in Marseilles, 1914. Her father was French and her

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

mother Italian. Her funny, pouting little face with upturned nose has blue eyes and a wealth of brown hair. She is coquettish, very independent, musical, and has a delightful sense of humour. She is ambitious, of course, but does not solicit engagements. There is a certain austerity hidden beneath her natural charm. She is not very keen on sport but loves stamp collecting.

Her first years were spent in Marseilles. Then, adolescence in Madagascar. She was stage-struck when she returned to France. At the age of sixteen she made her first appearance as a maid in *Balthazar*. She had a small part in *Le Roi Pausole*, at the Bouffes, and, two years later, in *Toi c'est Moi*, at the same theatre. She then turned to filming. From Paris she went to the Berlin studios, then to Munich and back to Paris. Her first big chance came when she acted the role of Puck in *Lac aux Dames*. Shortly afterwards she was engaged by the Hollywood studios. Now she is glad to be back in Paris.

Danielle Darrieux.—Born in Paris, May, 1917. She started her career as an actress at the early age of fourteen when she was still at school. Her mother is a singing professor. That probably accounts for her practising the 'cello which she one day hid away in a corner on reading an announcement for a *jeune fille* "sans experience" for a leading part in *Le Bal*. One film led to another. Then scenarios were written specially for her. Her name became famous the day that Decoin, in collaboration with Henry Koster (responsible for the successes of Deanna Durbin), created the character of the Danielle Darrieux that we know to-day. After that she married Decoin. But their honeymoon was interrupted by a telegram from Charles Boyer offering Danielle the role of the Baroness Vetsera in *Mayerling*. The film was an enormous success everywhere, particularly in America. So she was called to Hollywood. There everyone admired her. She returned to Paris a short while ago to star in a number of French films which, when shown in London, instantly listed her as London's favourite French film actress.

Danielle Darrieux is gifted with an extraordinary memory. She never forgets a line in six pages. She insists on doing her own make-up.

Michèle Morgan.—About three years ago Michèle Morgan returned home and told her mother in great excitement that she was going to star in French films. Mother and daughter cried with joy. But when father heard about it that evening he merely remarked that she would do better to get married. Nothing daunted, however, she went straight off and, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, played a leading part

MICHÈLE MORGAN

in *Gribouille*. She was an instant success. Then came *Orage* and *Quai des Brumes*.

She appears frail and temperamental. Her physiognomy is striking. Her hair—at least as seen on the screen—is tousled; her cyclamen red lips are thin and nervous; and her strange, almost colourless, grey-green eyes have an unreal, dreamy look. She gives the impression of being a not altogether happy soul. Not perhaps just that, but someone possessed with a dissatisfaction natural of a child. In her last film, *Le Récif du Corail*, she acts as someone harassed and persecuted. Her admirable performance saves this indifferent film from being a bad one.

Ginette Leclerc is a true Parisienne: she was born in Montmartre in 1912. She is capricious and gay but inclined to become easily depressed. She is rather quick tempered but never spiteful. Ginette married at the age of seventeen. Then one day she heard that an "extra" was wanted for *La Dame de chez Maxim's*. For a few years she played a number of minor parts in films produced in Paris and Berlin. Her name was definitely made when she acted brilliantly with Corinne Luchaire in *Prison sans Barreaux*. Since then she has figured prominently in numerous productions, among them *Métropolitain* (drama), *La Femme du Boulanger* (comedy), and *Louise* (operetta).

Corinne Luchaire was the most exciting "discovery" of 1938. She started studying for the theatre at an early age. A grandparent wrote *Altitude 3,200*. She played in it and was noticed by Moguy, the producer, who gave her a leading part in *Prison sans Barreaux*. She attracted such notice that Korda offered her the same role in the English version of the film. When I questioned her on her impressions of London and methods of filming at Elstree, she replied that she preferred working in the Paris studios. Like many other French (and international) stars, she feels more at her ease in the Paris studios where there is a gayer and more friendly atmosphere and the routine is not nearly so strict as that of London or Hollywood. After *Conflit* she starred in *Le Déserteur* and *Le Dernier Tournant*. Her next film will be *Dedée d'Anvers*, directed by Chenal. She has a most promising future.

Vivianne Romance.—Born at Roubaix. Her real name is Pauline Ortmans. She came to Paris when young and worked at the well-known couturière, Jenny, as a mannequin-dresser. Shortly afterwards she gave up the dressmaking business for the stage. As Vivianne Horty she danced in the revues at the Moulin Rouge, starring Mistinguette. Then she went to the Bal Tabarin and danced the can-can. As a short-lived *Miss Paris, 1931*, she next appeared with Harry Pilcher at the Theatre de l'Empire. In fact, she has attempted nearly everything—song, dance, cabaret, operetta, the Revues de Rip at the Theatre des Nouveautés, and "extra" parts at the Paramount studios. Then she figured in *Princesse*

GINETTE LECLERC

Tam-Tam, and after that Duvivier offered her a prominent role in *La Bandera*. Her acting in *Nables au Baiser de Feu* with Tino Rossi placed her name at the top of the film posters. Hence her continued success.

A. W.

TUDOR TRACERY: Men at work in the 350-year-old barn at the East Anglian Institute of Agriculture's farm at Writtle, Essex, where extensive renovation is now being carried out

FOR THE NATION? A corner of the timbered stage in the Barn Memorial Theatre which stands at the rear of the Tudor cottage at Smallhythe, Kent, where Ellen Terry spent the last years of her life. It was stated recently that the National Trust was considering taking the property over

Courtesy of the Merchants' Company

SAVED FOR POSTERITY: The restored fifteenth-century undercroft of the Merchant Adventurers' Hall, Fossgate, York, where renovation work has been carried out with the aid of a generous grant of £1,500 from the Pilgrim Trust

VERY MUCH IN NEED OF REPAIR is the entrance to the chapel at the Merchant Adventurers' Hall, York. As soon as it is possible to raise more money restoration will begin

Preserving the Timbered Halls of Old England

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"Eddie Marsh" Tells His Story

The Engaging Reminiscences of a Wit, Scholar, Art Collector, and Enthusiastic First Nighter: The Quips of Lady Tree

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

SIR EDWARD MARSH is known to Londoners and other capital-dwellers as a collector of paintings, a wit, a scholar and an enthusiastic attendant of theatrical first nights. In this last capacity he is more the actor's delight than the critic's [illegible]lestar. "'Hang Eddie Marsh,'" said Arnold Bennett once, "'he's a miserable fellow—he enjoys everything.'"

He [illegible] enjoyed writing his reminiscences, **A NUMBER OF PEOPLE** (Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), and those of us who appreciate the anecdotal style will enjoy reading them. Sir Edward's career in the Civil Service has been a distinguished one: he was at one time secretary to, and at all times a close personal friend of, Mr. Winston Churchill. His other two chiefs were Mr. J. H. Thomas and the Duke of Devonshire, and it says a great deal for Sir Edward's talents that he was on terms of friendship with three such widely differing characters throughout his association with them.

Instinctively, though, one thinks of Edward Marsh, not as a prominent Civil Servant, nor even as a scholar to whom Greek and Latin amiabilities are everyday currency. For myself I see him best of all in the London theatre, enjoying the play like a child, as he himself admits, and, in the entr'acte, poised in the foyer, cigarette-holder in hand and [illegible], diabolical eyebrows up-twisted, and radiant, benevolent smile. Since he is [illegible] theatrical, his chapter on the theatre, and it is a surprisingly short one, is only interesting for the one or two good stories it contains. "My system is to go along with the author as far as I possibly can, clinging on if only to his little finger when he takes some [illegible]: sometimes he falls in, and then it is both [illegible]."

I think it was on the occasion of Sir Edward's knighthood that a group of friends decided to make him a present and chose after long deliberation a very lovely painting. This was all the more suitable since his rooms in Gray's Inn are already so lined with pictures that some of the doors "can be opened or shut without an infant earthquake." Sir Edward began nearly forty years ago by collecting Old English Masters, among them drawings by Gainsborough, William Blake, Rowlandson, Richard Wilson and Romney. He has, too, a little Crome of which [illegible] said "How refreshing it is for once to be shown a *genuine* Crome!"

Shortly before the war, however, Sir Edward [illegible] and was converted to contemporary art. He discovered the thrill of backing his own judgment and buying what might turn out to be the masterpieces of the future. Since then he has collected [illegible] magnificent canvases by Duncan Grant, Stanley Spencer, and Paul and John Nash, as well as three Augustus John drawings. These are only the highlights of a collection which has become so unwieldy with time that it is only comfortably housed when half the pictures are on loan to an exhibition.

Since it is difficult not to be affected by the author's engaging but rather indigestible literary habit of giving one a great many plums and very little pudding, I will quote one or two of his anecdotes in justification. "Nobody said better things than Lady Tree. Was there ever anything more charming than her answer to someone who told her how nicely she had done her hair? 'How sweet of you to call it *my* hair'! She was very fond of bridge, but knew that she didn't play very well, and once when her hand had been so good that nobody on earth could have made less than twelve tricks, she contemplated them with awe. 'Little Slam,' she mused, 'who made thee?'"

And one which the writer tells against himself. He had recently been made a K.C.V.O., and was asked across a luncheon table what difference he found it made being a knight. "This was rather a difficult question. I [illegible] my shoulders, and said I hoped it had given me more presence. 'More presents!' exclaimed Lady [illegible], who was sitting next me: 'What a very sordid point of view!'"

Professor Stephen Leacock is probably one of the great humorists of our age and continues to write as gaily, nonsensically, and with as much divine wisdom as he wrote twenty years ago. His new book, **MODEL MEMOIRS** (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), is a selection of imaginary reminiscences, of which the originals are all painfully familiar. It opens with a caricature, accurate enough to be quite deadly, of an Englishwoman's reminiscences of her Victorian girlhood. "The life we led at Gloops—Gloops was my father's seat . . ." gives one some idea, though much too slight a one, of what is to follow. There are memoirs from Downing Street, from amateur gardeners, from statisticians, an economist, and a memorable chapter devoted to the criminal memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The only change I find in his style is a little extra leniency towards his readers, a little more definition of his inimitable points, and this I find a pity since it is always disheartening to recognise that an author is writing down to one's level. Apart from that, he has the same verve and the same heaven-sent economy of phrase. "'Should I live in the country?' a young lady asked me at a reception. 'Yes,' I said, 'Away in, as far as you can get.'" This is all we are told about the young lady and all we need to know.

He is a satirist. He can sum up and dismiss and ridicule a manner of life, a habit of thought, or a fat woman having her fortune told, in a few lines. His is the artistry of understatement. He has nothing in common with Mr. Wodehouse except that he is incredibly funny. He makes one laugh—and God bless him for that.

Mr. Robert Holmes's autobiography has an unfortunately flippant title, reminiscent of a Victorian ballad, and not the best preparation for the earnestness of the theme which is to follow. **MY FATHER WAS A GENTLEMAN** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) claims to be the story of a facile descent, in relation to the social scale. The writer, after a few chapters in which he dismisses his childhood, his days at school and his war service, in the course of which he was terribly wounded, comes to the main part of his story, which begins with his demobilisation, his eighteen operations, and his quest for work.

In the manner of to-day's autobiographies the writer is candid and self-revelatory beyond the old conventions in such matters. His object is to present a clear portrait of himself, but in the end one feels that it is a passport photograph that one has seen, with all its unmannerly distortions.

I can hardly say that this is entertaining reading since it belongs too exactly to that sober class of "life-in-the-raw" studies, but there is a vigour in its writing and an optimism in its finish that give it distinction.

It had to come. Apparently there are men, even Englishmen, to whom nothing is sacred, not even cricket. And Mr. Adrian Alington has written, or should I say perpetrated, a comic and irreverent piece of nonsense about the Test Match in **THE AMAZING TEST MATCH CRIME** (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.).

It may have been intended as a crime story to end all crime stories, and while I hope that it does not quite succeed as that, because I like detective fiction, I appreciate that it is a very amusing skit. The scene opens in an improbable café by a southern sea where Sawn-off Carlo and Ralph-the-Disappointment wait for a Big Shot. There, amid a crowd of ambassadors and spies of both sexes, a plot is hatched for the final overthrow of England.

This is to be accomplished in a simple but masterly way. The English side in the next Test Match is to be discredited: a hideous plan which succeeds in so far that our first two batsmen fall asleep at the wicket. A series of dastardly complications follow and suspicion falls with splendid impartiality on about a third of the population of the British Isles. In a quiet and hitherto respectable home in Golders Green an elderly couple begin to suspect their own daughter. "Could she have come to that, do you think? To drugging first-class cricketers?" But she has, and that is not all. Nor is it all of Mr. Alington's story which pursues its inconsequent way and would make admirable light reading for an aeroplane journey.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—CEYLON. By Lord Holden. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—STRANGE ISLAND STORY. By Richard Oke. 8s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—A FLYING START. By Rene MacColl. 8s. 6d. CASSELL.—ME AND MY MISSUS: Fifty Years on the Stage. By Seymour Hicks. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—INDIAN INK. By Philip Steegman. 10s. 6d. COLLINS.—FOX IN THE CLOAK. By Harry Lee. 8s. 6d. THE GREAT SQUIRE. By Francis Stuart. 8s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE.—BIRDE AND BEASTE. Portfolio of drawings by Chiang Yee. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF JAMES ALBERY. Edited by Wyndham Albery. In two volumes. £1 1s. each volume. I SAW THE CRUCIFIXION. By Sydney Morrell. 7s. 6d. DENT.—THE HARROWED TOAD. Essays by F. L. Combs. 5s. FIRST WITH THE SUN. Essays by Alan Mulgan. 6s. SOUTH AFRICA: A Planned Tour of the Country To-day. By A. W. Wells. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CANADIAN MOSAIC: The Making of a Northern Nation. By John Murray Gibbon. Illustrated. 21s. FABER & FABER.—GARDENING HERESIES AND DEVOTIONS. By William Bowyer Honey. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE NEW VISION. By L. Moholy-Nagy. Illustrated. 16s. GIFFORD.—CRISIS FOR CHRISTIANITY. By William Teeling. 10s. 6d.

WANTED ON VOYAGE

Diamond-striped Checks

An impeccable travelling suit is a good ambassador. It both gives and ensures good service, for a trim and distinctive appearance helps to smooth away many of the minor annoyances of travelling.

Creed is one of the great master tailors of the world, and his suit, Bamboo, is made in a firm oatmeal and fawn checked suiting. The blouse is of yellow crêpe and the gloves are knitted in yellow silk. Altogether a suit of which one might be very proud. Marshall and Snelgrove have it.

For warm evenings, and for dances on board, nothing could be more enchanting than this white crêpe dress riotously patterned with brilliant bunches of flowers. It has enormous puffed sleeves, a flattering cowl neck, and a bodice that is gauged to the waist.

You can see for yourself that the skirt is the sort that swirls gracefully with every movement of its wearer. It is gay, it is simple, and it is good-tempered. Marshall and Snelgrove have this, too.

The trouser suit is no longer an exciting novelty. It has become a necessity in the life of every woman who spends part of her time in the country and by, or on, the sea. On the right is a double-breasted grey stockinette suit, the trousers, with their masculine turn-ups, zip-fastened at the sides. The jacket costs 4 5s. 9d. and the slacks 3 7s. 6d. The wool shirt, with its three deep bands of contrasting colours, is priced at 2 7s. 6d.

The dressmaker swim suit in vivid printed cotton is lined with jersey and is beautifully shaped. You can get it at Harrods for 3 2s. 6d., and for another 3 9s. 6d. you can add the neat double-breasted coat, half-belted across the back, and lined with terry towelling.

FIRST OF ITS KIND IN ENGLAND: A general view of the new £20,000 elevated roundabout at Warlingham, on the London-Eastbourne road, which is now nearing completion. The unique feature of the roundabout is its passenger tunnels enabling pedestrians to cross over at ground-level while the road is carried above

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON SPRING MOTORING

Select Your Passengers with Care, also Try Caravanning or Cruising this Season

By A. PERCY BRADLEY,
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

LAST week the subject of my notes was "Spring is in the Air" and I really thought that I had touched on every conceivable point that arises at this time of the year where motoring is concerned. I have, however, discovered that I would like to add to my remarks rather than ignore the subjects which I missed. First of all, let me warn the new motorist that the passengers he takes with him contribute very largely towards the sum total of the pleasure he derives from car ownership.

The inexperienced may think that it is quite impossible to mar a holiday, tour or journey by an indiscriminate choice of passengers. After all, the new owner will probably say, "I shall only ask relations or friends to accompany me, and the people I don't like will certainly never get an invitation to come along." The man at the wheel who has driven for some years knows quite well that an individual is frequently transformed almost into a different personage once he is in control of a car, and so in a similar manner a very amiable friend in the house may immediately become a perfect nuisance as a passenger.

The worst type of all is the man or woman who will never agree with the suggestions of the owner. This or that hotel looks too severe, too modern, too expensive or too cheap, and so the poor driver probably covers another 50 miles looking for the ideal hostelry which never arrives and at last has to assert his authority and stop at the nearest inn, which is probably infinitely more uncomfortable than the first choice.

The second type of passenger I have in mind is the individual who wants you to drive the car to his instructions. He will shout out "Mind this corner!", "Watch that child on the pavement!" and a hundred other admonitions which are really completely wasted because they are unnecessary. There are many other odious types such as the young child who wants to operate all the switches, door handles and the various gadgets inside the car and who probably causes quite a lot of damage unless someone watches very carefully.

The other two points which I would like to discuss are of particular interest to the motorist of some standing, so far as experience is concerned. He should consider at this time of the year whether a caravan or a motor cruiser would not add many joys to his life. The chances are that neither of these appendages has been seriously considered, firstly, because they are thought too expensive and, secondly, on account of their supposed discomfort.

We are now living in the year 1939 and not in 1920 when perhaps such thoughts were justified. The modern caravan or cruiser is just as comfortable as the average house, except that the space available is comparatively small. On the other hand, whatever size the garden of your house may be, the open space surrounding your caravan or cruiser is boundless.

It is a peculiar thing but I have not yet come across any motorist who, if he was keen on caravans was equally attracted by cruisers, or vice versa. The only explanation I can conceive for this rather contradictory outlook is that the motorist who possesses either a land or a sea yacht is so completely wrapped up in his mobile home and has such limitless areas to explore with it that he has not time to worry about the other.

As regards caravans I can well imagine someone wishing to ask me "How do I know I would like caravan life?" I only hope that every recruit to caravanning will approach the suggestion in the same cautious manner, because there is no concealing the fact that there are a number of people who can never be happy in any form of mobile home. Well, the way to test whether the caravan is likely to be a success or not is to hire one for a week, for there is nothing like experience to assist in making a proper judgment. If the holiday has been up to expectations or has even surpassed them, then the problem as to whether a caravan should be bought or hired when required presents itself.

At first this query may appear a little perplexing, but actually the answer should be quite easy to find. If the motorist intends to use a caravan for a goodly number of week-ends during the season then it is obviously advisable to purchase one. Essentially, it is a question of £. s. d. When the cost of purchasing and that of hiring for the requisite number of week-ends are compared it should not be forgotten that even if the purchase price is more expensive, there is a very important point to be borne in mind, namely, the joy of ownership plus the pleasure of adding all those little individual fittings, gadgets, etc., which make any space bounded by four walls and a roof a real home rather than a room.

THE NEW WOLSELEY TEN: This recently announced model has a robust 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine developing 40 b.h.p. Among its many features are included excellent all-round interior visibility, low petrol consumption, hydraulic brakes and synchromesh gears

Some motorists may imagine that unless they own a fairly powerful car, caravanning is out of the question for them. The truth is that to-day even the smallest cars can draw a comfortable caravan, and the prices of all models show surprising value for money. Unless the latest examples have been inspected, I cannot imagine that anyone can appreciate what comfort can be provided by these delightful land yachts.

Judging by the number of people I have seen cruising on the Norfolk Broads I fancy there must be more motorists conversant with the joy of cruising on water than on land. However, there is an immense number of car owners who have never spent a holiday on the water. They have not experienced that indescribable pleasure of being in control of a vehicle which will not only take you from point to point but which immediately forms a most comfortable home wherever it is halted. Being surrounded by water also conveys an impression of isolation, which to some people is difficult to experience in the ordinary way.

Just as with caravans, there are a number of people who can never be happy on board a boat. Not necessarily on account of the risk of sea-sickness but broadly because they are what you might call, out of place in any type of boat. Such people are usually ham-fisted, awkward, helpless folk, and heaven help any unfortunate motorist who includes an individual of this type in the crew of any cruiser which he may hire for a holiday.

On most of the rivers of England which are navigable to cruisers there are firms that will hire them out for periods from one week upwards. Obviously, it is far more satisfactory to test one's affinity to water in this way than by purchasing a craft straight away. Let me assure the average motorist that steering and controlling a motor cruiser up to 45 ft. in length on water such as the Broads is less difficult than driving a car along a main road at a week-end. After a holiday afloat most people can decide for themselves whether they are keen or not. If they are keen then I am afraid that they will never rest content until they become the skipper of their own boat.

There is something strangely different between motoring on the water, even on the navigable rivers of England, and motoring on the road. I will not say that there is not rivalry so far as speed and appearance is concerned, but there is definitely a freemasonry afloat which to-day is never seen on the road. In the really early days of cars this cheery good spirit did exist, but, so far as I can see, all traces of its existence have now disappeared. Everyone on the water has a pleasant word for those on every craft he passes, whether they are known to each other or not. There is no speeding up by two boats trying to get to a jetty first. In fact, the general absence of the bad manners seen on the road is probably one of the most refreshing things about motor cruising.

(Continued on page 454)

CARRYING A CAR TO KATMANDU: Few parts of the Indian sub-continent are more inaccessible than the independent kingdom of Nepal. The kingdom itself, however, has many of the amenities of modern civilisation and quite a number of cars are used there. To get them across the passes, however, is no easy matter, as witness this picture showing natives transporting a vehicle on a gigantic litter over a rough mountain track

PERSISTENT PETER

AN ELEVATING TALE

1

Pietro was a Circus star,
His Strong-Man act was known afar.
He used to balance on his head
His wife, four sons and Uncle Ted.

2

Yet often, waiting in the wings,
Pietro longed for Bigger Things.
He would not rest till he could be
Supporting *all* the family.

3

But nothing that he tried could give
Him strength for one more relative.
One extra cousin at the top—
And down the Human Tower would drop.

4

He tasted this, he swallowed that,
Ate everything except his hat.
At last, when all seemed at an end,
"Try Guinness", said a kindly friend.

5

The ruby gleam that sparkled so
Evoked in him an answering glow,
And as he drained the noble brew
Strength seemed to fill his limbs anew.

6

So back to work Pietro sped,
Hoisted the family on his head,
And found that he could safely add
Two aunts, three cousins and his Dad.

7

The thinking reader cannot fail
To see the moral of this tale;
Enjoy a Guinness every day
And feel life's burdens melt away.

G.E. 862.A.

MRS. J. GORDON WINCHESTER, to whom a daughter has been born in Penang, Straits Settlements. Mrs. Winchester is the only daughter of Mrs. A. Hugh Jackson, a well-known figure in Fleet Street publicity circles

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE IS OPEN

(Continued from page 438)

The *Nascopie* is fitted like a miniature liner for a limited number of passengers, the cuisine being as good as the average small transatlantic liner. The writer made the Arctic voyage in her some years ago; there was no more discomfort than the average ocean trip. There is, however, all the excitement of breaking a way through great icefields, dodging huge icebergs. Polar bears are passed on the ice, and innumerable chubby-headed seals pop up their curious noses. There are the Eskimos to visit, the friendliest natives on earth, speaking no English, but welcoming every soul who comes in sight.

Fort Ross, the half-way house of the North-west Passage, is the spot reached by McClintock in his search for the Franklin expedition. McClintock had passed King William Island where Franklin's ships, *Hecla* and *Fury*, foundered, so had actually opened the North-west Passage.

The *Gjoa*, under Captain Roald Amundsen, actually went through the North-west Passage in 1905–6, but he took three years to do it. The *Nascopie* and the *Fort Ross* carry out the passage in less than three months.

There is nothing to prevent the *Nascopie* going right through, but there would be no object in so doing. Winter would find her on the wrong side of the continent and she couldn't get back until the winter had passed, unless she went round by the Panama Canal. Her load is therefore transferred to the *Fort Ross*.

There is no ballyhoo, no publicity about the opening of the Passage. To the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in charge of the Canadian Arctic, to the government expedition, to the Hudson Bay Company it's all in the year's work.

The North-west Passage, believe it or not, is now open for passenger and cargo traffic. The passenger in search of something really new can this year leave England in June, sail up the famous Gulf of St. Lawrence to Montreal, back to the Atlantic and around Labrador and Ungava and into Hudson Bay. He (or she) will visit all the R.C.M.P. and Hudson Bay Company's trading posts around Hudson Bay and arrive at the terminal of the Hudson Bay railway at Churchill. Calling at all the islands of the Arctic archipelago he will sail up Davis Strait and visit Craig Harbour on Ellesmere Island, one of the farthest north islands in the Arctic. He will call at Greenland and then plunge into the heart of the Arctic, sailing hundreds of miles farther north than scores of intrepid explorers of an earlier day. He can at Fort Ross transfer to the motor ship *Fort Ross* and sail with Patsy Klingenberg down the route taken by Franklin's ill-fated ships.

Eventually he will reach Cambridge Bay and then Aklavik. From Aklavik the flight (or steamer trip) south will open the magnificent panoramas of the sub-Arctic, where lone traders and trappers live their lonely lives and never lock their cabin doors for fear some lost soul may wander that way. From Aklavik he will ultimately reach Edmonton.

He can then fly over into Alaska and American territory or fly south between the coast and inland ranges of the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver. From Vancouver he can fly in fifteen hours to Montreal.

Thomas Wayling

THE PETROL WORLD— (Cont. from page 452)

Most car owners, I think, were surprised to find at the last Motor Exhibition what a large amount of "boat" one can buy for a given sum of money as compared with what can reasonably be expected in the car world. Anyway, my advice to all motorists is to try for at least a week a holiday in a caravan or a motor cruiser, or preferably both, during this season which has started.

Some fifty of the principal distributors of Triumph cars met at Coventry recently to make the acquaintance of an entirely new model, the Triumph Twelve. During the course of a lunch at the factory, Mr. Maurice Newnham, managing director of the company, introduced the newcomer and pointed out that it is an addition to the range, not a substitution for an existing model. It will, he said, open up a new field for Triumph dealers, coming, as it does, into the highly-popular £9 tax market. On the other hand, its introduction will in no way affect the production of the Dolomite models.

After lunch the distributors took demonstration runs in the latest model, and the general opinion was that it not only combines the traditional Triumph good looks and performance, together with many new and exclusive features, but that, at £285, it is certain of a very cordial reception from the public.

HOW "THE SPHERE" GOES ROUND IN THE ANTIPODES: Nita Prior, of Tauranga, seaside resort in the Bay of Plenty, North Island, New Zealand sends us this picture of neighbours reading copies of their favourite paper. After they have finished with them, the copies are sent on to friends in Palmerston North and finally end up in a working men's club in Wellington

Made as only a Swan can be made . . .

THE absolute dependability of the Swan is the result of over fifty years' experience in the manufacture of fountain pens. Guaranteed without limit of time, it is a pen that will give you unfailing service year in and year out; a pen with a nib which gives unbelievably smooth writing and is practically unwearable. A pen, in fact, which is everything a first-class pen should be. No one could expect a better investment than that.

Choose a VISOFIL or LEVERLESS

Swan Pen

Of all Stationers and Jewellers

VISOFIL SWAN—The 'Big-fill' 25/-
LEVERLESS SWAN — The 'Quick-fill' 17/6 to 42/-
LEVER-FILLING SWANS from 10 6. BLACKBIRD PENS 7/6
FYNE-POYNT PENCILS TO MATCH SWAN & BLACKBIRD PENS from 5/-

Made throughout in the British Isles. Descriptive lists on application from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Also at 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1; 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

Must you, my dear boy, when I take you out to lunch, wear a coat with a collar half way down your back and sleeves that show your bony elbows?

Sorry, uncle, but rich uncles can afford to owe fourteen guineas for their suits. Penniless nephews can merely pay a niggardly nine or ten.

Rich uncle, my foot. I shouldn't be rich if I paid fourteen guineas for my suits. Ten—and not a penny more at Bernard Weatherill. Use your *nous*, boy.

I will, uncle—and your name at Bernard Weatherill. Thanks, uncle.

Bernard Weatherill tailors and finishes a perfectly cut hand-sewn suit from 9 guineas at 55 Conduit Street.

Bernard Weatherill LTD

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
81 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Birmingham: 11 Bennetts Hill
Branches also at Ascot, Aldershot and Camberley

B.W.13

A GREAT EVENT IN HOSPITAL HISTORY

The New WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL

WILL BE OPENED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 20TH BY

His Majesty THE KING *accompanied by* **Her Majesty THE QUEEN**

MOVED from a cramped and noisy site to the quiet surroundings of St. John's Gardens, Westminster, the new Hospital will be a model of its kind. Modern in structure and design, it will provide : The latest equipment; over 400 beds for those in need, whatever their class; expeditious service for out-patients; comfort for visitors; extended and up-to-date schools for the training of doctors and nurses.

£100,000

WILL COMPLETE THIS GREAT REBUILDING SCHEME

ALREADY three-quarters of the cost has been assured by generous friends from all parts of the country.

Send *your* contribution so that the new Westminster Hospital can open its doors and face its great future *free of debt*.

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WHAT OF THE FRENCH NAVY?

(Continued from page 441)

of the fleet is therefore permanently based on Toulon, Brest having the remainder, with duties of protecting the sea approaches to the French Atlantic ports, with special reference to such as are linked to North Africa outside the Mediterranean.

Naval and air bases must play a leading part in maintaining contact, in war, with Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, and important strengthening is accordingly being developed. A naval air base has been built at Aspretto, in Corsica, forming the "bridge" between Berre (Marseilles) and Bizerta, and capable of instant, close-up retaliation. A naval base is being hurriedly completed at Mers-el-Kébir, near Oran, destined to protect the shipway Oran-Port Vendres-Marseilles. In addition to the minor, desert "Maginot Line" watching Libya, Bizerta has been renovated from the naval and air angles though it was pointed out to me there that it is wrong tactics to base a big air force in Tunisia. Apart from the problem of stores and repairs, and the likely destruction of depots, the best air squadrons can reach Tunis, from Berre, in under three hours,

Further supporting Vice-Admiral Abrial are the Toulon forts, magnificently perched and holding some of the heaviest pieces in existence, the Alpine defence system from Menton to Briançon, and the air base on the lagoon of Berre. The French Naval Air Service, which includes co-operating units ashore, is an integral part of the fleet, and I quote the *Times* naval correspondent as having pronounced it, last July, to be "second to none."

"Honneur et Patrie" is the device inscribed in letters of gold amidships in every French war vessel. The two things best suited to realisation of the motto are perhaps a state of mind and constant "practices" with responsive material. Navally, our allies can say: "*Présent!*"

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Financial help is urgently needed by the above Society to help carry on the great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls. In the Training Ship *Arethusa* boys are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. Boys in the Homes are prepared for definite trades so that they will always be employable, while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Donations and legacies are urgently required. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to the headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

HONG KONG SEES the "BOEING CLIPPER"

The World's Largest Air Liner Pays a Visit to Kai Tak Airport, Her Farthest Point West

HONG KONG Airport is maintaining its reputation for progress. It was recently chosen as the farthest point of call for the world's largest flying-boat—the first air vessel to boast a bridal suite!—which alighted at Kai Tak on March 4, before making the return journey of its 11,000-mile test flight from Treasure Island, California.

Over 2,000 people (mostly British and Chinese) waited, in breathless expectancy, for this 40-ton steel monster of the air—twice the size of the familiar *Hong Kong Clipper*—which had been delayed for over an hour by bad weather between Manila and Hong Kong. When eventually a faint drone, rapidly developing into a dull, then a deafening roar, announced the arrival of the *Boeing Clipper*, the crowd stirred with excitement, and burst into a great cheer as the giant silver monoplane appeared through the clouds and heavy mist which hung over the harbour.

She glided down, made a perfect landing, swung round and came alongside the pontoon at the airport, where she was moored by an army of mechanics and her twenty-four men passengers greeted by staff officials.

The Governor of Hong Kong—Sir Geoffry Northcote—and other Government officials were shown over the Clipper, and a fortunate few were allowed to visit it afterwards, boarding it by a gang-plank leading straight into the lower of its two decks, which together are equal in volume to that of a five-roomed house and basement.

Once inside the vast hull (it is 109 ft. long—the surface area of the plane is 4,000 square ft.) one is in a world of soft thick carpets, rich heavy curtains, tasteful colour schemes (in shades of chocolate and Pan-American Airways blue), black polished walnut furniture, and large double windows with modern venetian blinds—in fact, a luxury hotel of the air, heated to and maintained at an even temperature of 70 deg.

The two decks comprise eighteen separate rooms, with a dining-room big enough to seat fourteen people, and with luxurious sleeping accommodation for forty passengers, including the previously mentioned bridal suite—a truly de luxe apartment.

If the sleeping accommodation is not needed, the furniture and fittings are easily converted, the curtains drawn aside, and the compartments transformed into comfortable day lounges. In this way seventy passengers can be carried.

Full course meals are served from the Clipper's galley by means of an ingenious arrangement of equipment. And — crowning ingenuity — the whole galley converts into a cocktail bar between meals.

There is a spiral staircase leading to the upper deck, where are the control-room, cargo holds and the crew's living quarters. A telephone from the lower (passenger) deck connects with the steward's quarters here. After inspecting all these marvels it was easy to believe that the *Boeing Clipper* cost the United States 1,000,000 dollars.

THE FLYING HOTEL MOORS AT KAI TAK: The giant *Boeing Clipper* pictured on her arrival this month at the air port of Hong Kong. She has two decks with eighteen separate rooms and can accommodate seventy passengers

When the time came for the Clipper's departure Hong Kong was still shrouded in mist, but at the last minute the clouds lifted and the sun came out, lighting the silver and red wings of the giant plane that sat so gracefully upon the water.

Her four enormous engines were started up, two by two, and various officials came and went along the pontoon. At last she was ready.

The Clipper taxied out and around the bay, and then, after a very short run, took off. It was wonderful to see this enormous shape, with the sun shining on her wings and the bow wave that she made, rise from the water without apparent effort. She turned and, gathering height, flew back over the heads of the crowd, the deafening roar of her four engines dying away until it was lost in the mist whence she had come

Jean Gordon

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THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS

Outstanding Travel Opportunities in Europe and America during the Coming Months

BY THE BRETON SHORE: A summer scene on the plage at St. Malo

TRAVEL is always with us, but at this time of the year it develops an intensified interest, and the coming of the daffodils and primroses is heralded by the multitude of handbooks, booklets, and brochures full of their colourful invitations to be on the move. It is all rather bewildering, and one might be tempted to give the globe in the library a twirl like the roulette wheel and suddenly stab a finger at it saying "That's where I'll go." Some of the lightweight globes would be knocked off their balance, so the safer course might be to get out dear old Mercator's Projection and make the selection with a pin. If it landed in the ocean a cruise or other sea travel would clearly be indicated, if on land on the sunny side of the ice zones you would probably find somebody organising a tour that would take you there.

The object of this article, however, is, with the whole world of travel before us, to offer a few suggestions of the outstanding features of the coming season. Because of the history-making visit of our King and Queen and the existence of two great exhibitions, North America is uppermost in my mind. Most people I find nurse the longing to go to America, and that desire is generally focused on New York. It is understandable and commendable, even though it may provoke the scorn of those who want to walk the paths of time, camp in the desert, and scale the mighty heights. To a vastly greater number New York is life, and dare I say it in the presence of travellers?—glamour. By all means go to New York and see the exhibition which has the theme "The World of To-morrow," and is at Long Island, eight and a half miles from the Pennsylvania station in the heart of the city, but do not let them take up all your time.

A MAGNET TO THE WORLD: A panoramic view of San Francisco, showing the great new bridge which links it with the cities of Berkeley and Oakland and the island on which the Golden Gate Exhibition is now being held

Washington, Philadelphia, and the Niagara Falls are included in the itinerary of a tour of 24 days, and in a few days longer Toronto and Montreal may be added. The arrangement I like is the circular route partly using Canadian services.

The system of period excursion fares for Atlantic passages is being adopted again this year, the first being from April 3 to 23 and the second from June 26 to July 23. The return journey must be made within three weeks from the date of arrival. If you can give that time it is possible to make a really good tour of the States and Canada, right across to the Pacific coast, which in one case means San Francisco, where the Golden Gate Exhibition has now been in full swing for several weeks, and possibly Los Angeles, and in the other the majestic scenery of the Rockies. There is no time to enlarge on these possibilities now; there will be an opportunity at a later date of saying more about the claim Canada, for instance, has on the attention of the traveller.

Before passing on from the New World, however, I would leave with those whose time is their own the idea of joining one of the tours which during the summer start from New York and include the fascinating countries of the southern part of the continent—the romantic Inca lands and the Andes. The mountains can be crossed by air, the flight between Santiago and Buenos Aires occupying less than six hours. The panorama of ranges reaching altitudes of more than 20,000 ft. and remote mountain lakes perched high above the clouds leave indelible memories. It may be winter but you will find the beaches of Rio de Janeiro and Santos crowded during July and August.

One is tempted to make a mental jump across the south Atlantic and write about what South and Central Africa have to offer during our summer months, but the call is nearer home to the countries where the bulk of our summer travellers go. A fond hope is growing that the heat of conflict will have sufficiently subsided for Spain to take her proper place among the holiday lands. A start was made last year when some parts were opened to the tourist. They still are, and I have no doubt the programme will be rapidly extended at the earliest possible moment. Parties are being arranged from London later on which will enter Spain over the Hendaye bridge. At Irun they will join motor coaches for a round tour.

France generally must be in for another good year from the travel point of view. The franc I know is cheap, and it has its influence, but I like to think that the friendship of the two nations, stronger than ever, is the main factor. Of course, France has a great asset in being able to offer almost any type of holiday.

There was a time when English tourists would feign vapours at the suggestion of the Riviera in the summer, but in these days they seek the warmth and sunshine which have no terrors for them. Quite right, and they are given plenty of facilities for getting there at very reasonable rates. Nevertheless, the number who go south will not compare with those who cross the Channel and choose one of the many resorts along the coast from Dunkirk to Finistère and round the corner to La Baule and other places. These are the travellers who make quite a long journey to the chosen spot and do not move round very much. Those who want to see a lot more of the country might well join one of the motor-coach tours through Normandy or Brittany, or both, and there are road tours occupying about a fortnight which go right through the western side of France along the Riviera and back over the Route des Alpes.

No note on general travel in France can omit Paris, yet what can one say about it that you do not know? I timidly used glamour in relation to New York, and Paris has it, too. Summer is not a bad time to be there, and I remember a very jolly stay when the July fêtes were on. Just as our own countryside around London is pleasing in summer, so is that of Paris, and the riverside resorts are as gay as our own.

Talking of the July fêtes, however, this is a particularly interesting year in France in the historical sense, for five national celebrations are being held of the 150th anniversary of the Revolution. The first of these will commemorate the opening of the States General at Versailles on May 5, 1789, and the other celebrations will be June 23, July 14—the festival of the oath of national unity in the Champ de Mars—September 20 on the battlefield of Valmy, and September 21, "Homage to the Republic"—a national march-past on the Place de la Nation.

Italy, too, is having a great year of interesting happenings likely to influence travel. The parties on organised tours will have their limited time fully occupied with the historical interests of the old cities rather than in the events for which they provide wonderful settings. On the other hand, independent travellers, inspired in their journeys by the arts, will pick out particular events. As instances, in art there are the Medici Exhibition in Florence, at which some paintings loaned from this country will be on view; and from May to September Brescia has a large exhibition of the works of its Renaissance painters in the Palace of the Communal Tosio - Martinengo Picture Gallery. Brescia, by the way, has some beautiful palaces to show its visitors and a monumental new piazza. Milan is honouring the amazingly versatile Leonardo da Vinci, and the exhibition of examples of his many-sided interests should not be missed by anyone. It may be assumed, too, that no traveller, however modest his musical pretensions, leaves Italy without going to the Opera.

There are many festivals, and one of them opens at Palermo next week. That takes us to Sicily, where the spring festival is a very special occasion. Monreale, the Norman town with a church possessing the most beautiful mosaics in the world, will play an important part in this festival, and a series of events of an artistic and religious character will be held about the middle of next month. Between April 26 and May 14, classical performances will be given in the Greek Theatre at Syracuse. Two dramas of quite different character, but possessing great dramatic and lyric power, have been chosen—*Ajax* by Sophocles, and *Hecuba* by Euripides. The opera season at Palermo opens next week.

The
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:
Holidays by Land and Sea

In different categories are the Fourteenth International Horse Show in the Piazza di Siena from April 30 to May 7, and national celebrations of Marconi day on April 25, while with all the preparations for the spring and summer seasons winter pauses in its passing with a reminder that international ski-ing events are about to be held at Abetone and Canazei. A final note on Italy is that recently some new very fast electric trains have been brought into service on the railways, and the accommodation for passengers greatly improved.

Switzerland has probably produced more superlatives than any of the travel lands, yet I saw quite a restrained sentence in one folder which seemed to sum it all up—"Five cities, wonderful excursions by road or rail or water—beauty and life and laughter everywhere." It is always wise to make some inquiries about the place you intend to stay in because Switzerland has such great variety, and the bright young thing might be terribly bored in a centre which is a restful paradise for a different temperament. The one thing the resorts have in common is beautiful scenery, and the Swiss are past-masters in catering for their visitors. One of the best centres to my mind is Lugano on the lake of that name on the Italian frontier.

Another of Switzerland's neighbours, Germany, must come into this survey. Political frontiers have substantially changed in a year or so, and one result is that the Reich has added to its assets of travel interest. It was already well endowed, and there are many people in this country who hold the Rhineland almost as dear as the Germans do. The Black Forest, too, has been well tramped by our holiday-makers, and who among them has not joined a pilgrimage to Heidelberg! The mountains of Bavaria, Munich, Tyrol and scores of other places come crowding into the scene, but my space is gone and they must wait for another time.

Beverley Brooke

On right—
THE ENTRANCE TO THE CASTELLO DA PENA, the residence built in 1840-50 near Lisbon by the Prince-Consort Ferdinand of Coburg

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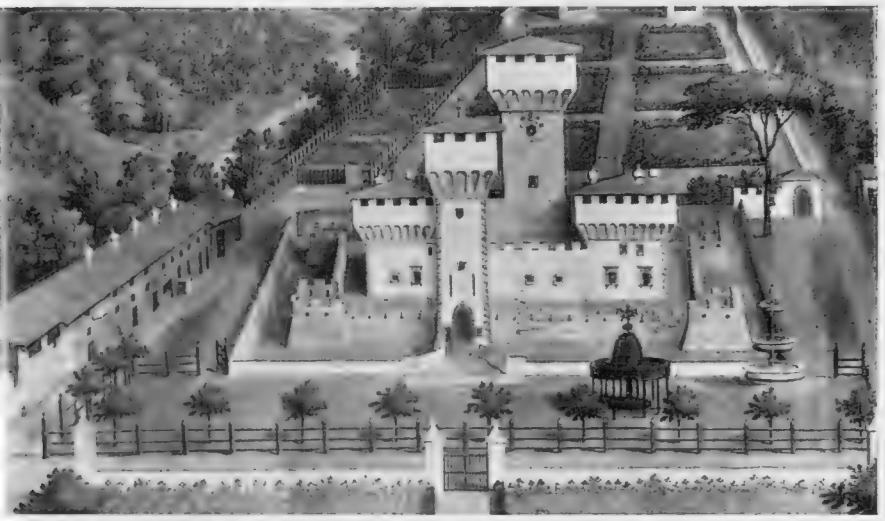

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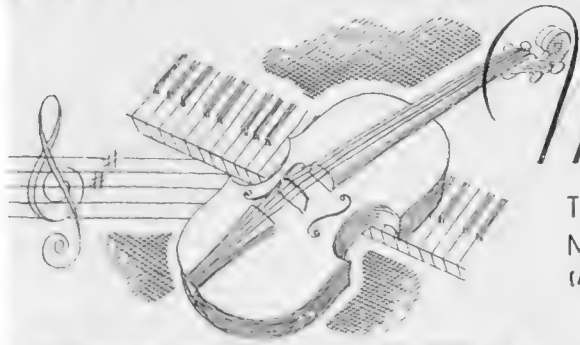

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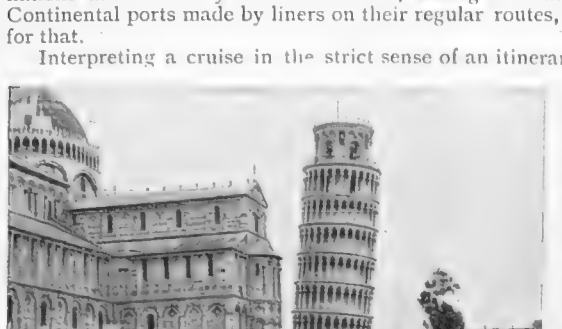
WHERE THE CRUISING...

CONSIDERABLY more than 200 cruises are announced for the remaining months of this year, and July and August will again be the busiest periods for departure, closely rivalled by June and September. That total includes some by ships of other nations and a variety of short cruises, among the latter being the trips to near Continental ports made by liners on their regular routes, but none the less enjoyable for that.

Interpreting a cruise in the strict sense of an itinerary not normally followed and carried out by a vessel engaged exclusively in cruising or a liner taken off her ocean route for the specific purpose, I find that there will be more than 120 departures from our ports by British craft between now and Christmas. Carrying the analysis a stage further, there is a mild surprise in the fact that about half of these departures are to northern waters — Baltic ports and along the coast of Norway well into the Arctic.



Courtesy Royal Mail Lines

PISA WILL NEVER LACK PUBLICITY so long as her leaning tower continues to stand. In the past century it has brought many millions of tourists to the city

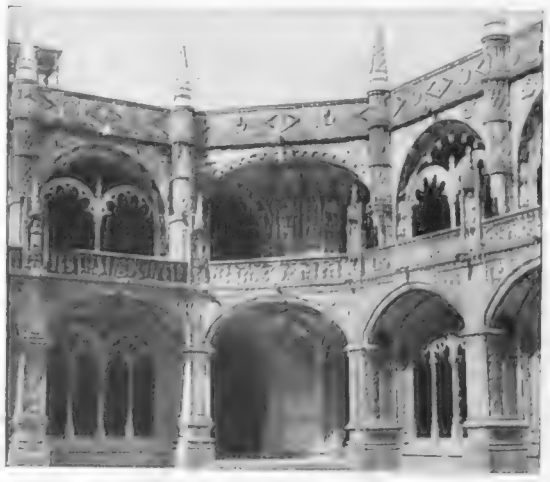
Of course, they do not all follow the same itinerary, and though quite a number go to the bleak North Cape, the opportunities of visiting Spitzbergen and Iceland are rare. This activity in northern waters is partly due to our favourable geographical position, but the season is a comparatively short one owing to weather conditions, and we are left in no doubt as to the popularity of those parts with cruising people.

Next comes a group of between thirty and forty cruises, taking in the Atlantic Isles with generally a call at Lisbon—surely no place sees so much of our cruising parties; often a visit to Casablanca, and sometimes one or more of the other interesting places on the west coast of Africa.

OFF MONIE CARLO BEACH: In the distance the *Empress of Britain* is seen putting out to sea. The C.P.R. have big plans for the spring and summer

Two vessels—you might even say luxury yachts—always associated with cruising, and Norway in particular, are the *Stella Polaris* and *Meteor*. They were built exclusively for pleasure cruising and are operated by the B. and N. Line which has had a century's experience of cruising. At present the *Stella Polaris* is somewhere in the sunshine, on a world cruise, and is not due home until May 12. Her cruises this season include five to the fjords, among them one at the end of the season to Spitzbergen, on what is known as the "farthest north tourist expedition," when she goes to the Arctic ice wall. Norway figures in each of the ten cruises in the *Meteor's* programme, the first being on May 27 for 6 days.

This week-end one of the best known purely cruising steamers, *Atlantis* (Royal Mail), leaves Southampton for Madeira, and will call at Casablanca, Dakar in Senegal, and Lisbon. She will be back on the Tuesday after Easter. This cruise will be followed by one of 21 days beginning on April 14, with a particularly attractive itinerary, including Algiers, Syracuse, Venice, several ports in the Adriatic, Malta and Lisbon. Next she goes to the western Mediterranean, and at Whitsuntide to the Kiel Canal and Copenhagen. Later in the season the *Asturias* will make two cruises in the Mediterranean.



IF YOU GO TO LISBON do not fail to see the cloisters of lovely Belem monastery, so rich in sculptural detail. The *Voltaire* calls there on her April cruise

At the end of next week the *Duchess of Atholl* sails from Liverpool on the second of the C.P.R.'s spring cruises. She will be away 11 days and will visit Madeira, Casablanca and Lisbon. The Easter one will be made by the *Empress of Australia*, which has four world cruises to her credit, and her route from Southampton will be Algiers, Catania, Naples, Monaco and Lisbon. This liner is now on her way back from a very comprehensive tour in the eastern Mediterranean. The C.P.R. again announce a series of twenty cruises by their "Mont" steamers—*Montcalm*, *Montclare* and *Montrose*. The last named opens the series on May 27, and thereafter there will be weekly departures until October 7. Of these twenty cruises, sixteen are southward and the others to the fjords and Scandinavian and Baltic resorts.

THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE at Taormina, modern town glimpsed through ruins

.INERS GO : A Survey of Some of the Many Attractive Itineraries Arranged for the Spring and Summer

The four " Straths " of the P. and O., carrying first and tourist classes, will be cruising this season, the first being that of the *Strathallan*, leaving London on May 12. She will go direct to Alexandria, and the 43 hours she will be in port will give her passengers a chance to see something of Cairo. On the return journey she will make a call at Malta. In all she will travel some 3,200 miles and be away 18 days. The *Strathaeden* will take the Whitsuntide cruise of 17 days from London to Dubrovnik, Trieste and Venice. The *Viceroy of India* has five cruises later in the season.

ENGAGED EXCLUSIVELY IN CRUISING is the Royal Mail liner *Atlantis* (16,000 tons) which this week-end leaves Southampton for Madeira and during the summer will make Mediterranean trips

Six two-class cruises will be made by the *Orford* (Orient Line), and they will embrace a wider range of ports this year than hitherto. The first departure will be on June 24. In the meantime the *Orcades* and *Orion*, carrying first class only, will be cruising, the former opening the season on April 20 with one of 22 days to the eastern Mediterranean. Her itinerary is a particularly attractive one, allowing visits to Cairo, Damascus, Antioch, Nicosia and Athens. She is due back at Southampton in the morning of May 12, and sails again the next afternoon for another very interesting cruise in the Mediterranean, the itinerary being varied by the inclusion of Sicily, Istanbul, and Rhodes. The *Orion's* first voyage is to the Adriatic, Sicily, Naples, and Capri from London on May 20. She will be away for three weeks.

The well-known cruising sisters *Voltaire* and *Vandyck* (Lamport and Holt) will be at sea for Easter, the former sailing from Liverpool on April 6 for Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Capri, and Lisbon. The same day the other leaves Southampton for Casablanca and Atlantic Isles. Each cruise will last 18 days. The two ships have full programmes for the season. The *Voltaire* goes out again on April 29 to Greece, Egypt, Malta and other places, and each has a departure in May.

Courtesy Orient Line

MIRRORED BY NATURE: A placid scene on Naero Fjord. This year, owing, no doubt, to European political affairs, Norway is included in a larger percentage of cruising itineraries than ever before

Turning now to the lines which, though operating regular services, are able to offer attractive holiday tours, I note that the Union-Castle announce special rates for travellers to South Africa by the *Arundel Castle* leaving on July 20. The tours to Madeira and the Canary Islands at special return rates, commencing early in May are very attractive. There is a sailing every Thursday from Southampton, and Madeira is reached the following Sunday. The mail boats from South Africa call at Madeira every Monday, and arrive at Southampton on the Friday.

The vessels of this line which go from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg, are not in the same category as the cruising liners, but they offer a delightful change and enable visits to be paid to some interesting cities. The *Pretoria Castle* leaves on one of these journeys, which occupy 11 or 12 days, on April 20, and the *Dunnottar Castle* on May 18.

The Bibby Line also offer sea holidays on regular routes amounting almost to cruises. There are fortnightly sailings from Liverpool to Gibraltar and Marseilles, and there is an extremely attractive offer of an inclusive tour to Egypt, giving 26 days at sea and six in Cairo. The special rate becomes available with the sailing of the *Shropshire* from Liverpool on May 19, until the departure by the same liner on August 25. Short Continental cruises from London are also announced by this line, some of the ships returning by way of Scotland and the Western Isles to Liverpool. The first departure is the *Oxfordshire* on May 27.

Courtesy French Line

NATIVE LIFE IN DAKAR, West African port of call for several cruising liners, provides an enthralling experience. The autumn is the best time for a visit

The various services of the Ellerman Lines afford many opportunities for sea holidays. The round voyage to South Africa calling at Madeira, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Lourenço Marques, and Beira, occupies about 10 weeks, and the distance covered is about 15,000 miles under extremely pleasant conditions. Comprehensive tours at inclusive rates are arranged in South Africa. The next sailing is by the *City of Paris* from London on April 1.

(Continued on next page)

ARMINA, SICILY: Part of the ug ruins of the old settlement

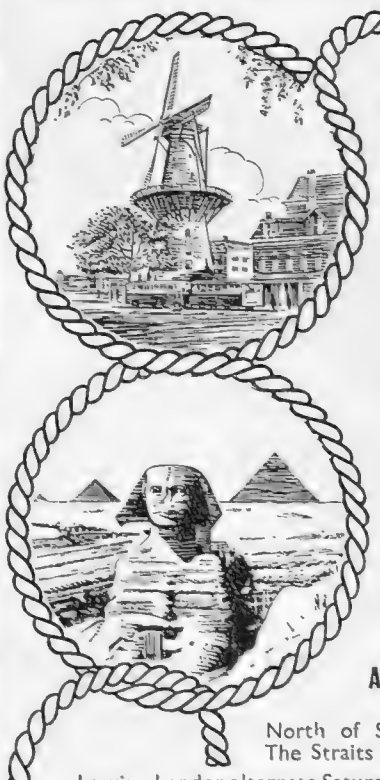
1,000 MILES UP THE Amazon

A thousand miles between the strange, wonderful banks of the Amazon, to Manaos in the heart of Brazil, in the same ocean-going liner that takes you to Portugal, Madeira and across the South Atlantic. These fascinating 7 weeks Tours leave Liverpool throughout the year by s.s. HILARY and ANSELM. Fares: May to September £60, £70, £75; October to April £75, £80, £85, include all organised shore excursions. Single and two-bedded cabins—no inside rooms.

s.s. HILARY · April 18, June 17
s.s. ANSELM · May 31, Aug. 1

Booth Line

For full particulars and illustrated booklet apply to Dept. No. 9, BOOTH LINE, Cunard Building Liverpool 3; and 1/3 Robert Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2., or the usual Agents.



BIBBY LINE

Holiday Cruises

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY

8-DAY COASTAL CRUISES

ANTWERP—ROTTERDAM—HAMBURG

returning via the
North of Scotland and the Western Isles or
The Straits of Dover and the English Channel.

Leaving London alternate Saturdays, arriving Liverpool Sunday morning

FARES: 10 GNS. TO 12 GNS.

Including Third Class Rail Fare Liverpool/Tilbury or equivalent.

SHORT SEA VOYAGES

Fortnightly Sailings from Liverpool.
GIBRALTAR for TANGIER and MOROCCO.
MARSEILLES for RIVIERA.
PORT SAID for EGYPT and PALESTINE.

Inclusive Tours: EGYPT

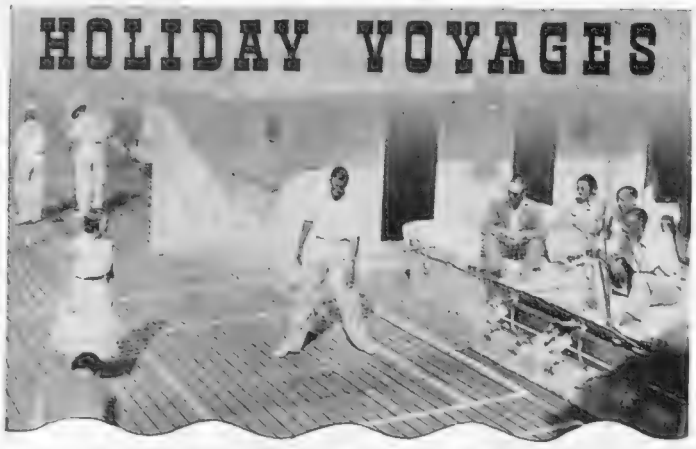
26 DAYS AT SEA: 6 DAYS CAIRO, £45.

Literature and all information from:

BIBBY BROS & CO.

Martins Bank Building, Water St., Liverpool. 22 Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

HOLIDAY VOYAGES



MARSEILLES and EGYPT

The popular City and Hall liners bound for India and Ceylon afford excellent facilities for short holiday voyages to Marseilles and Port Said.

Sailings from Liverpool:
20th May, 17th and 24th June, 15th, 22nd and 29th July

FARES:

Marseilles: £10 Single, £16 Return. **Port Said: £18 Single, £32 Return**

Return tickets interchangeable with other lines.

MADEIRA and SOUTH AFRICA

Travelling by the well-known Ellerman and Bucknall liners bound for South Africa gives an opportunity of an enjoyable 16 day ' tour, allowing 6 days ashore at Madeira.

First-class Fares: £10 Single. £18 Return.

Return tickets nterchangeable wi.h other lines.

Special facilities for Summer Holidays in South Africa

Sailings from London:
29th April, 27th May, 24th June, 22nd July, 19th August

ELLERMAN LINES

ELLERMAN'S CITY & HALL LINES :. ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL LINE

104-6 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3, OR LOCAL AGENTS

Courtesy P. & O. Line

A FAVOURITE PORT OF CALL on trips to the Atlantic Isles is Santa Cruz de la Palma, a sheltered place with a wonderful all-the-year-round climate. A cruising liner is seen in the bay

WHERE THE CRUISING LINERS GO:

Itineraries for the Spring and Summer

(Continued from previous page)

The City and Hall liners on the service to India and Ceylon, with calls at Marseilles and Port Said, may be utilised for sea holidays. The *City of Hong Kong* leaves Liverpool on May 20, and there are two sailings in June and three in July.

From early in June the *City of Nagpur* is running a series of 6-day cruises from Hull to Christiansund and Oslo.

The novelty of the "Forest Tours" of the Booth liners, which go 1,000 miles up the Amazon, is again commended to those who want something different by way of a sea holiday, and yet there is not too much sea, for there are calls at Oporto, Lisbon and Madeira—there are opportunities here for shorter holidays—before crossing to Brazil. The fact that people who make this river voyage where nature in its wildest and most colourful profusion is all around want to go again and again is the best possible tribute to the attractiveness of the tour and

On left—
HOUSE BOAT ON THE AMAZON: A glimpse of native life from the deck of a Booth liner

Swiss Riviera

SOUTHERN SWITZERLAND

For romantic holidays on the shores of

LAKE LUGANO & LAKE LOCARNO

(Lago Maggiore)

Glorious sunshine, sub-tropical vegetation (Mimosas, Camellias, Olives, etc.). Starting point for numerous excursions. All Sports.

Information and prospectus from: Swiss Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11b, Regent St., London, S.W.1, and Inquiry Offices of Lugano and Locarno.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*cont. from p. iii of cover*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathspey (Inverness-shire).—Aviemore Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

The Viceroy of India

JUNE 16.
TRONDHJEM, HAMMERFEST, TROMSO, SPITZBERGEN, BERGEN, etc.
14 DAYS. FARES FROM 24 GNS.

JULY 1.
AZORES, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, AGADIR, LISBON.
16 DAYS. FARES FROM 27 GNS.

FIRST CLASS ONLY

AUG. 4 21 Days. Fjords, Northern Cities. From 36 gns.
AUG. 26 13 Days. Atlantic Isles, Africa, Lisbon. From 22 gns.
SEPT. 9 23 Days. Italy, Dalmatia, Egypt, Malta. From 39 gns.

P&O CRUISES

14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
130 Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
Australia House, W.C.2 or local agents.

the ships which make it. The next departure is the *Anselm* on March 28, followed by the *Hilary* on April 18, and on May 31 by the *Anselm* again.

The Atlantic voyage which is so much in our minds this year is emphatically not cruising, but it is the essential link in a great variety of holiday tours. The C.P.R. offers a choice of seventy-three tours to Canada and the World's Fair, varying from 3 to 7 weeks.

DOMINATING ANTWERP AND THE RIVER SCHELDE is the beautifully proportioned spire of the cathedral church of Notre Dame. Certain Union-Castle liners make Antwerp a port of call

The Cunard White Star also have a long programme and are providing the outstanding event in sea travel this year with the coming into service of the new *Mauretania*, which leaves Liverpool on her maiden voyage to Cobh and New York on June 17. Cooks have a party going out on an escorted tour to U.S.A. and Canada on that occasion, the return being made by the *Laconia*. An earlier party will go from Southampton on April 22 by the *Aquitania* and return by the *Queen Mary* on May 10—a 24-day tour which takes in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Niagara Falls. A third party will go out in July.

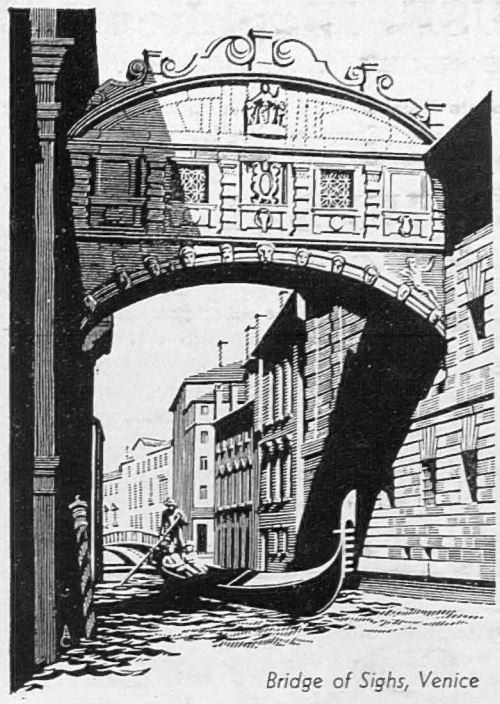
In America "the Man from Cooks" is as big a personality as here, and "his" arrangements for tours over there are most comprehensive. The offices here will tell you all about them.

B. B.

On right—
AN EVENING'S RACING in the cabin class lounge of the Atlantic giant, *Queen Mary*

For cruising at its best

'ATLANTIS'



Bridge of Sighs, Venice

SPRING CRUISES

Mediterranean, Adriatic

APRIL 14. From Southampton, to Algiers, Syracuse, Venice, Split, Trogir, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Malta and Lisbon. **21 days from 54 gns.**

To the Mediterranean

MAY 6. From Southampton, to Algiers, Cannes, Leghorn (for Pisa), Amalfi, Naples, Lisbon.

17 days from 27 gns.

WHITSUN CRUISE

MAY 26. From Southampton, to Kiel Canal, Brunsbuttel, Holtenau, Kiel and Copenhagen.

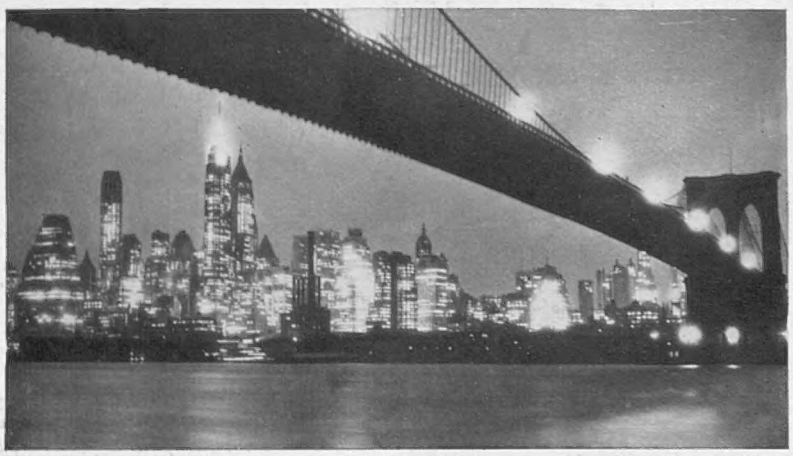
6 days from 10 gns.

SUMMER CRUISES

June 2, June 23, July 7, July 15. July 29, by "Asturias." Write for the "Zodiac" Booklet giving full cruising programme for 1939.

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD., America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1 (Whitehall 9646), Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522), and at Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents.



GIANT fir trees against a blue sky; snowclad crags dissolving into the clouds; prairies rolling into the horizon; the towering skyline of the New World cities—and the great trylon and perisphere of the New York World's Fair. In no more time than you might spend on a normal summer holiday and at no greater cost, you could thrill to such sights—the sights of a lifetime. Hit the skyline trail on a Canadian Pacific Tour to Canada and the United States this summer—you'll never regret it; you'll never forget it!

ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLINE?

CANADA BY 39% Less Ocean
Canadian Pacific
FOR A RIGHT ROYAL HOLIDAY

Choose from our 73 escorted holiday tours to Canada and the United States. They vary from three to seven weeks in duration . . . All-in fares from £43 . 10s.

For further information and reservations apply your local agent or Canadian Pacific, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. 103 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 and at all principal cities.

The Best of Everything . . .
in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest and comfort awaits you at
PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL,
ANGMERING-ON-SEA - - SUSSEX
Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. *Telephone: Rustington 323.*

BRYAN HOUSE, Blackheath
2, SOUTH ROW, LONDON, S.E. 3. *Tel.: Lee Green 3016.*
A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

Comfort Complete
Yield to the delicate satisfaction of complete comfort . . . . at Canford Cliffs, where the æsthetic sensibilities are flattered and caressed by the subtlety of the hotelier's art.
Write to S. WHISTON, Manager. Telephone: Canford Cliffs 797/8.
BOURNEMOUTH

Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to
Crest Hotel, Crowborough
Tel.: 394 **Sussex**
Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner, Central Heating and Lift from 4 gns. weekly.
Personal Proprietor Mr. G. Eglington Adams.
GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING

N. CORNWALL for good surf bathing, sandy beaches, excellent golf and bracing air
DORRIT—POLZEATH
HAS ROOM FOR A FEW GUESTS TO WHOM THESE ATTRACTIONS APPEAL

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close
Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Ten Miles....Mansion to Mansion House
Spend Spring in an "Adam" period country house, hidden in parkland, 20 minutes from town.
Central heating, running water and telephone in all rooms.
Free hotel bus to station. Inclusive Terms, from 4½ gns.
Brochure from Management with pleasure.
SUNDRIDGE PARK HOTEL
BROMLEY *Ravensbourne 1172-3-4* KENT

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for spring residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.
THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS
First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.
Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace." Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

BURGH ISLAND
HOTEL SOUTH DEVON
FAMOUS FOR ITS FOOD.
INCLUSIVE TERMS INCLUDE EVERYTHING FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT, EVEN GOLF.
TEL. BIGBURY-ON-SEA 272

In Quest of

Lincombe Hall—The Garde
Notable Improvements Eff

THE great objection to the quoting of proverbs is that they can be so easily misapplied, but following a return visit to Lincombe Hall, the garden hotel of Torquay, I feel very satisfied in saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." It is probably the best part of two years since I last stayed there, and I had misgivings as to whether the hotel would come up to the same standard as when I was there last, for though Lincombe Hall is still controlled by the same board of directors, the management had changed, and a change of personnel may easily work havoc.

Actually, I found the hotel improved. Such a statement is not made with the desire to cast reflection on the late manager, or to put a feather in the cap of the present one. It does mean that the structure of goodwill built up by the last manager has been maintained and added to by the present "captain of the ship," and that the board of directors have adhered to their policy of making Lincombe Hall each year better, if possible, than the year before.

For once in a while the weather when I arrived at Torquay failed me as regards sunshine. The sky was fretful. The sea was grey and the palm trees were wearing a rather apologetic look. But as I rounded the corner of Meadfoot Road and viewed once more Lincombe Hall Hotel set in its garden of prosperous-looking palms, tropical plants, and spring flowers, all of which refused to be subdued by a temporary grey sky, my spirits rose once more. I suppose it is the sheltered position of the Lincombe Hall grounds from the north and east that gives the impression that nature has here exercised some special favouritism. But there were the facts before me, and my optimism rose higher as I entered a building which conveyed immediately an impression of comfort, warmth, and spotless cleanliness.

The main building of the hotel was full, but by a covered, warmed, and comfortably furnished corridor I proceeded to the room allotted to me in the wing. And a nice, warm wing it was to shelter under on such an unattractive day. Frankly, I had not expected such a warm welcome, for on my last visit, also curiously enough during a cold spell, a gas fire was doing its best to warm my bedroom. But now, though gas or electric fires are still available, controllable central heating suffices.

But the warmth of welcome did not end there. The same head waiter was there to greet one as in the old days, though he touched on a delicate subject when he inquired if I had been having

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
'Phone: Springpark 2000
Half an hour from City and West End.
REDUCED WINTER TERMS
No alteration in standard.
Illustrated brochure free on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.
Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,430 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

LINCOMBE HALL TORQUAY
The Ideal Hotel for Spring
South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.
INCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.
Write for brochure direct or consult Ashley Courtenay, 68, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

Golf and the mountain air . . . .
with craft to sail . . . tennis . . . 18 holes in the park . . . horses to ride . . . an experienced chef . . .
Oakwood Park Hotel *these and many other good things, in the 300 acre park and beyond it await you here.*
Robert Turier, Manager
CONWAY

Here you may stay . . .
remote from the fumes and hubbub of London, yet within 30 minutes of the City and West End.
HEATHERBANK HOTEL
CHISLEHURST
Why not stay with us for a few weeks this spring and take a well-earned rest from housekeeping. Every modern comfort. Finest quality English food. Golf. Frequent trains to town. Moderate and absolutely inclusive terms. *Telephone: Chislehurst 1616*

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

otel of Torquay : Some Under the New Regime

any more lumbago! I remembered the face of the housekeeper, and if others had changed, the spirit of service had been carried on from the days of Mr. R. Paul to the present regime of Mr. H. Donington-Smith.

Lincombe Hall has never done better in numbers than this last year. Whilst many other hotels languish in certain months, Lincombe Hall does not know the meaning of a really lean period, and this is because it is an hotel which attunes itself to the seasons. The cold is kept out, yet the sunshine can pour in. It can cater for both elderly and young people. It is an hotel which accommodates itself to varying purses; there are sumptuous suites down to simple single rooms. The hotel sets a high standard of cuisine in relationship to the tariff. It does not pretend to ape that of a five-star hotel, but it is plentiful, varied and presentable, and for those who are prepared to pay 4, 5 or 6 guineas a week, according to the accommodation reserved, Lincombe Hall unquestionably represents good value.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

Bryan House, Blackheath.—From time to time I have had a number of inquiries for accommodation in this district, mostly from Service people, and recently there have been quite a number who have suddenly realised that Blackheath is very close to London and yet extraordinarily countrified. Somehow Blackheath has managed to preserve its individuality, and its conservatism is pronounced. Until the last cabby dies one still has to take a "growler" from the station, and most of the houses facing the Common are solid, almost severe, in their construction, but with large gardens.

Those who like this type of atmosphere will appreciate Bryan House. It is far more a pleasant home than an hotel. Do not necessarily go by first impressions, for the fact remains that those who like comfort and sound honest-to-goodness English food will find it very difficult to leave Bryan House once they settle in. The terms are very reasonable indeed, particularly in relationship to the size of the bedrooms, most of which can be divided so as to form sitting-rooms by day.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

Health is everything!

Health is everything. Whatever your work, whatever your pleasure, health must come first. Here in the Derbyshire Hills, health comes smiling to those who seek it; while if you desire just recreation or a rest, there are concerts, golf, tennis, bowls, croquet (all free), and the pleasure of living in company where the daily average of visitors is over 200.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO — SMEDLEY'S MATLOCK — *The Seal of Good Health*

Smedley's at Matlock

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/- a day) include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. Smedley's Hydro, Matlock, Derbyshire. Tel. Matlock 17.

In the Smile of the Sun lies

The ST. AUSTELL & CARLYON BAY HOTEL

SOUTH CORNWALL

at the heart of the Cornish Riviera. Here early Spring is an out-door Season and Cold Winds are almost unknown; facing the Sea and the South, surrounded by Palms and Pine Trees.

Spend a holiday here this Spring and enjoy the healthy carefree life of South Cornwall.

Free Golf, Superlative Cuisine, Five Star "A.A." Fully equipped Sports Club adjoins the Hotel. Temporary Membership available to all Guests at very moderate fees.

A Brochure will gladly be sent and inclusive terms quoted on application to the

Resident Manager: S. D. HILL.

Telephone: PAR 250 (3 lines). **Railway Station: PAR, Cornwall.**

Have You Ever?

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME IN THE SPRING TO

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

. . . *and still* THE RED HOUSE

the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Resident proprietors will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. *Telephone: 2271/2.*

Easter with the right people at Thorpeness

Easter at the hospitable Dolphin Hotel, Thorpeness. Here every comfort can be enjoyed in the healthy, delightful surroundings of this unspoiled Suffolk village, set between lovely gorseland and rolling sea. Here you can golf on a first-class course laid out by James Braid. Here you can ride for miles on age-old turf by the sea, excellent mounts being available. Sailing enthusiasts will find the 60-acre, island-dotted Meare ideal for exploration, yet shallow and perfectly safe, whilst tennis players can enjoy the "Grassphalte" courts in perfect condition. The Dolphin is fully licensed and is famous for its cuisine. Hot water in all bedrooms. Only 5 gns. a week. Write Dolphin Hotel, Thorpeness, Suffolk.

DOLPHIN HOTEL, THORPENESS

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD . BERKS .

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

BEAUTIFUL ST. BRELADES . . .

above all in Spring was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An hour and a half by air from London

SCOTLAND

DORNOCH HOTEL

Dornoch, Sutherlandshire

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

(Continued on a previous page)

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